JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXI. No. 835 SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1922. TWOPENCE.

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By Appointment To H.M. The King.

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Plain commonsense tells you that Nestlé's Milk must be the best condensed milk obtainable. Remember that Nestlé's has been a household word in British Homes for over half-a-century. There is no other milk with the same reputation for quality. And the sales of Nestlé's Milk have grown more and more as the demand for purity in food has grown stronger and stronger. You cannot afford to take risks—buy the milk with over 50 years' reputation for purity and quality.

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Milk is only cheap when you buy the best. It is *economical* to buy Nestlé's because it is Rich Milk with all its Cream. Compare the thick even richness of Nestlé's with the thinner, watery or sugary consistency of other milks, which can be sold cheaper *because cream is removed and more water left in.*

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A FREE GIFT of a beautiful reproduction in colours, 20" x 30", of either "Ours" or "A Nestlé Boy" or "The Ideal Girl"—three of our most popular posters—free on receipt of 3d. to cover packing & postage, or the three for 6d.

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——— and Wincarnis gives new vitality to those who are **Run-down** because ———

Wincarnis is a Tonic, a Restorative, a Blood-maker and a Nerve Food—all combined in one rich, delicious, health-giving preparation.

As a Tonic it "tones up" the whole system. As a Restorative it restores lost vitality. As a Blood-maker it enriches and re-vitalises the blood; and as a Nerve Food it promotes new nerve force.

That is why over 10,000 doctors recommend Wincarnis.

If you are Weak, or Anæmic, or Nervous, or Run-down—begin taking Wincarnis to-day.

But be sure you get Wincarnis—**refuse substitutes.**

All Wine Merchants and Licensed Chemists and Grocers sell Wincarnis. Try just one bottle

Small Size, 2/3. ——— Large Size, 6/-.

WINCARNIS

The Wine of Life.

Keep it handy

Gives immediate relief in all cases of

RHEUMATISM

SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, NEURITIS, NEURALGIA & NERVOUS PAINS, ETC.

There is nothing quite equal to "ODDS ON" Liniment. It is a discovery which emphasises the real secret of removing pain by the rapid elimination of the CAUSE. "ODDS ON" acts as swiftly in the severest attack of Rheumatism or Lumbago as it does in the case of a sore throat or cold on the chest. If you have tried other preparations without success "ODDS ON" will please you all the more. This wonderful blend of oils—soothing—warming—comforting—is a REAL source of relief in any of the hundred and one painful troubles which arise in every household.

FREE sample bottle will be sent if you write your address on a postcard and post it to-day. You try "ODDS ON"—then you will KNOW that it is as wonderful as we say it is.

All Chemists and Stores 1/3 and 2/-.

THE "ODDS ON" SPECIFICS Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.) 36 & 37 COCK LANE, SNOW HILL, LONDON, E.C.

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WORLD'S BEST CYCLES

Reach the highest point of all-round excellence. The finest cycle value on offer. Light, graceful, and easy running. Warranted for 10 years.

15/- WITH ORDER

BALANCE payable as per all approved orders for £5 cash order. Balance in 11 monthly payments of £1/- if you are entirely satisfied. Money refunded if disappointed.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE of Graves World's Best Cycles, including Motor-assisted Gear Models, all at lowest prices and on Easy Terms.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

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GREAT BEDDING SALE

FOR 10 DAYS ONLY.

CARPETS GIVEN AWAY

A complete Bedroom Outfit containing ALL-WOOL Blankets, Quilts, Bedspreads, etc., at almost HALF PRICE.

50/- Carriage Paid

In order to clear our huge stocks of Warm Winter Bedding we are making this stupendous offer. Each Bedroom Outfit contains all the following high-class guaranteed perfect goods.

CONTENTS OF OUTFIT:

	£	s.	d.
ONE PAIR OF REAL YORKSHIRE ALL PURE WHITE WOOL BLANKETS (full size, 90 x 80), nearly 7 lb. in weight, each bearing our famous silk label "All Wool." Retail Shop Price	1	15	0
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ONE LOVELY ART EMPRESS BEDSPREAD IN ORIENTAL FLORAL DESIGNS (full size 78 x 66). Retail Shop Price		10	6
ONE MAGNIFICENT PURE WHITE FRINGED AND KNOTTED HONEYCOMB QUILT, in key or diamond pattern (full size 90 x 76) Retail Shop Price		14	6
Retail Shop Price for the above Outfit	4	0	6

OUR PRICE (for 10 days only) 50/- Carriage Paid

(There is nothing more to pay.) (This Offer applies only to residents in the British Isles).

ALL BEDDING GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY FOR FULL SIZE DOUBLE BEDS.

CAUTION. We have no misleading "deposit" systems of "instalments" which only "SECURE" goods till paid for in full. Beware of so-called "Blankets" described as "woolly" and "fleecy," which are NOT wool, but cotton and can be purchased in any shop for a few shillings. All our blankets are pure Yorkshire white wool, and every article in the above Sale is of the finest quality obtainable. We give exact sizes of each article and every piece is British made and absolutely new and perfect. Send your Order To-day while prices are at their very lowest.

Cash returned in full immediately if goods not approved of and if not in every way satisfactory to you.

FREE BEDROOM CARPET. To every purchaser of the above 50/- Bedroom Outfit enclosing this advertisement with order we will enclose with the goods absolutely free, as special discount, a splendid Reversible Fringed and Bordered Bedroom Carpet in eight fashionable shades and half-tones of Emerald, Crimson, Blue and Old Gold.

Address: HARRILL'S STORES, (Weavy Grade) Hulme, Manchester

SPECIAL OFFER of 850

SOLID SILVER LEVER WATCHES

UNDER "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE

WORTH £3:3:0. OUR PRICE ONLY £1

These watches are the biggest bargain we have ever been able to offer, and we are definitely reserving 850 for JOHN BULL readers. They were made to sell at £3 3 0 upwards, and are a wonderful bargain for £1. Don't miss your chance.

READ THIS STRIKING SPECIFICATION:

Gents' High-Grade Lever Watch. Solid English Hall-marked Silver case, with beautifully engine-turned back and solid silver hinged dustproof dome (inside case), fully-jewelled lever movement, highly-tempered springs, perfectly-balanced, with all modern improvements, accurate timekeeper. The dial is finest quality enamel, and is marked with hand-drawn figures. The hands are of pen steel. It is, in fact, a most handsome and reliable watch (as illustrated). Warranted for 15 years.

SPECIAL OFFER.

As this stock is strictly limited, those who do not wish to pay in full at once may have one reserved on receipt of 2/6 only. The balance may then be paid as desired.

IMPORTANT GUARANTEE OF SATISFACTION.

Read carefully our brief description, but remember that you are guaranteed satisfaction, as this article is sold subject to the purchaser's own examination, and we undertake to return cash in full if we are unable to satisfy you.

Send Treasury Note, Postal Order, or Cheque to-day. Watch will be sent by return Post 4/6 within 24 hours of receipt guaranteed. If not satisfied, money will be returned in full, together with 1/- to cover your expenses.

THE FARRINGDON SUPPLY CO., (Dept. 18a) 218, Sandycombe Rd., Richmond, LONDON, S.W.

GREAT REBUILDING SALE

540 NEW WOODEN HUTS

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Bungalows, Motor Car Houses, Sports Pavilions, Workshops, Sheds, Cycle Houses, Stables, etc. Must be cleared during next few weeks to make room for Building of our New Factory.

To effect a quick clearance, we are making a reduction of 33⅓ off our usual list prices. Best Materials and Workmanship only.

ILLUSTRATED LIST No. 40, POST FREE.

A. WILLIAMS & Co., Ltd. CONTRACTORS.

The Drive, Thornton Heath, London, S.E.

JOHN BULL

"Here shall the Press the People's right maintain,
Unawed by influence and unbribed by gain."—*Joseph Story.*

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

"The hope of all who suffer,
The dread of all who wrong."
Whittier.

Vol. XXXI. No. 826. Week ending Saturday, April 1st, 1922. Twopence.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day*]

Hang Genoa!

Before Mr. Lloyd George rushes off to Genoa it might be well if he gave a little thought to Ireland and the engineers' dispute. For our next Prime Minister we shall be inclined to suggest a self-denying ordinance, limiting him strictly to one nice Continental trip a year.

The Child Slaves.

It is gratifying to learn that the wretched system of child slavery in Hong Kong, which we have denounced again and again, is to be finally abolished. As regards this particular form of "Chinese Labour," Mr. Winston Churchill need fear no unkind allusion to "terminological inexactitudes."

Be Good to Germany!

It is announced that the landing of fish by German trawlers at British ports will no longer be subject to a tax of 26 per cent. of the value of the goods. And, pray, why not, we should like to know?

The Friendly Glass.

When the great "K. of K." met Major Marchand at Fashoda, at a moment of tense crisis between Britain and France, his first remark was "Come and have a drink." Why don't Mr. Michael Collins and Sir James Craig get together and discuss their differences over a bottle of the best?

Not So Bad.

There is an element of mystery still in regard to the rent paid to the French Government for the British trenches in France. If, as is now stated, it was only for the exercising trenches behind the lines that payment was exacted the case is somewhat altered, with less of a jar to the *Entente Cordiale.*

Nothing Learned.

We are told by Admiral Sueter that although lack of aircraft at Jutland robbed the British Fleet of complete victory, the Admiralty are still starved for aeroplanes, while vast sums of money are wasted on obsolete battleships. Depend upon it, poor old Jacky Fisher was right when he told us to sack the lot.

The British Dictatorship.

We admire the declaration of M. Poincaré that, in so far as they affect France, any decisions reached at future European Conferences will have to be confirmed by the French Parliament. On the other hand, Mr. Lloyd George prefers to ask the House of Commons in advance for a Vote of Confidence which will, in effect, give him full authority to do what he likes at Genoa. Wily David!

Revenue without Tears.

The decision of the Postmaster-General to invite tenders for advertisements to be exhibited in Post Offices sounds like business. The primitive notion that taxation is the only source of revenue is unworthy of a Chancellor of the Exchequer in the twentieth century.

The Path of Ambition.

The ex-officer with Parliamentary aspirations who has been advertising in the newspapers for a constituency to "adopt" him and pay his expenses, can have had little experience in these matters. In practice, he will probably find that he has to pay his own expenses and adopt a fair proportion of the electors into the bargain.

THIS WEEK

£300

FOR TEN

MUST BE WON.

Fill up the Free Football Coupon on page iii of cover.

A Matter of Taste.

It is announced from Berlin that the Einstein Theory of Relativity is to be shown on the films. Only a German could have thought of such a thing. Give us Charlie Chaplin!

The Grand National.

All fell bar three! That is the record of this year's Grand National—and, as we said twelve months ago, the event should be abolished. It is a poor race and a bad circus.

Herald-ic Wisdom.

"My one quarrel with militant Socialists and Communists is that they will persist in thinking that they can revolutionise the world by violence," says Mr. George Lansbury. Where on earth do they read such rubbish?

Things Swift Can't Swallow.

Mr. Justice Swift is gravely perturbed because "many persons do not care whether affidavit statements are true or false." Surely his Lordship might have consoled himself with the famous reflection of an eminent Judge that "truth will out, even in an affidavit."

The British Legion.

On March 31st there commences a "Great Push" on behalf of the British Legion, with the object of securing a large addition to the membership of that body. It is up to all who did their bit in the war to rally round Lord Haig in his splendid efforts to secure justice for the down-and-out ex-Service man.

The King's Health.

We congratulate His Majesty upon his recovery from a sharp attack of illness. God Save the King!

Heroes All!

The loss last week of submarine H42 with its gallant crew enhances our vast debt to the Silent Service. "If blood be the price of admiralty, Lord God, we have paid in full!"

A Chance for Churchill.

In General Smuts the South African "Reds" caught a tartar. What a pity it is that we cannot have a real Imperial Senate, so that the best brains of the Empire should be available for the solution of its troubles. Now, Winston!

The Everett Case.

To fight a law suit through to the House of Lords in such a way as to impress eminent Judges with the strength of his arguments is not a bad achievement for a "certified lunatic," and we congratulate young Mr. Everett upon the pluck of his performance.

London Banks.

It is an extraordinary thing that in the financial capital of the world—if that title still belongs to London—no banking business should be transacted after three o'clock in the afternoon. Why not a normal eight-hour business day?

Economy!

On grounds of economy, the Shoreditch Board of Guardians are distributing the unemployed bread ration once a week, with the result that many of the loaves go stale and become uneatable. But then, as someone remarked to us the other day, "a board is usually a very wooden body"!

The Prude's Awakening.

We are in entire agreement with the *Daily News* that the neglected statue of Galatea in Waterlow Park should be given a position of greater prominence—although, from our recollection of it, it is not exactly the sort of effigy we should have expected to find favour in the chaste eyes of the Old Lady of Bouverie Street.

An Adjectival Lie.

As an example of the depths to which the baser organs of the American Press are ready to stoop in their efforts to stir up feeling against Great Britain, we note that a recent issue of the *Grand Island Daily Independent* has a headline, "Great Britain's Plans to Recover United States As Her Domain." Merely to stigmatise such a statement as a thumping lie is to realise the poverty of language. We must just leave it

Conchies Again.

The Secretary of the Union of Post Office Workers is again appealing on behalf of the Conscientious Objectors. Quite recently a Parliamentary Committee met to consider whether a certain number of them should be retained. Just as if there could be two opinions about the matter!

No Warrant—No Power.

After the wholesale invasion of liberties by "Dora," the public may be grateful for small mercies when in trouble. In a case at Cardiff it transpired that a prisoner had been searched, without his written consent, by an officer not provided with a warrant for the purpose, and had been arrested, 14 days later, without any sworn information or any warrant signed by any Justice. The Stipendiary refused to proceed until he had satisfied himself as to the propriety of these acts—a very commendable attitude.

Write to JOHN BULL about it!

"Good Lord, Deliver Us."

"Four centuries ago," said Dr. Horton at the Central Hall, Westminster, on March 20th, "it was possible to fine every man who failed to attend church on Sunday morning. If I were Chancellor of the Exchequer," he added, "I would try to do that now, as it would bring in £80,000,000 yearly." Since that ancient law has never been repealed, we may thank our lucky stars that this gentleman is a minister of the Gospel and not of finance.

A Bit *Too* Hard.

There is nothing to commend and much to deplore in the heavy punishment inflicted by Birmingham Magistrates on a married girl named Eacock, 18 years of age, living at 20, Camp Hill, who possessed herself of a fellow-lodger's P.O. Savings Bank book, and obtained £1 on it. It seems to have been a first offence, and there is such a thing as the First Offenders Act. To sentence this girl-wife to two months in prison with hard labour, as the Birmingham Bench have done, is wicked.

Houses Before Halls.

An anonymous donor has given £50,000 for the purpose of building new Wesleyan Halls in various towns. The unknown benefactor has a right to dispense his wealth as he pleases, and there is need for increased religious endeavour, but we may point out that there are towns—Cardiff, for example—with 14,800 families living two families to one cottage—where week-day discomfort makes Sunday devotion difficult. When people ask for houses and are given halls, they are apt to permit their physical hardships to breed spiritual enmities.

"Charity Begins ——"

Parliament has granted £100,000 to be expended in stores for the relief of famine-stricken Russia. Or is it to help the Red Army in their Spring offensive? In the meantime, hospitals are closing in London, the Cornish miners are starving, and last, but not least, English tax-payers are being tried beyond endurance. The various organs of the religious press are vieing with one another in advertising the needs of Russian refugees. Internationalism may have its redeeming features, but this aspect of it is not worthy of support.

Magisterial Co-ordination.

The Lord Chancellor, addressing the newly-formed Magistrates' Association, advocated standardization of treatment and the formation of a common policy. Perhaps now we may look forward to a greater uniformity in police court sentences. We trust, also, that the provincial and sometimes unsophisticated J. P.s may be brought within the scope of his new plan.

A Five-shilling Pessimist.

Robert James Cross and Walter Cross started in 1920 with the laudable intention of finding work for people outside the Cross family, and on January 1st registered an employment agency as "Evan Harrington," the title of a novel by Meredith. On November 26th, 1920, they exchanged for a fee of 5s. from a hopeful client a receipt marked A.X. 3,763. Sixteen months having elapsed without either job or offers, the client is wondering what luck befell the other suggested 3,762. Perhaps Messrs. Cross, who are still advertising good intentions, would satisfy his curiosity? In any event, they should study the Business Names Act and amend their letter paper.

A SNEEZE SLOWED DOWN TEN TIMES.

On the screen this looks very absurd. Filming a cold in the head is equally humorous. These are two of the amusing subjects for "Interest" Films described in the April "PICTUREGOER."

The PICTUREGOER
THE MOVIE MAGAZINE DE LUXE.
On Sale April 1——1/-

All Done by Kindness!

The Calvinistic Methodists of Porthcawl have a new way of obtaining converts. This bright-eyed band of Brothers is to petition the County Council to issue only six-day licences to motorists, "with a view to curtailing Sunday joy-riding in the interests of religious services"! If this warmhearted and cordial action fails to fill their tabernacles, we presume these enthusiastic altruists will apply for powers of conscription or the press-gang.

Marriage Fees.

Because some marriages are made in heaven and others before the Registrar is no reason for the Bill now being promoted in Parliament to increase the marriage fees in register offices. It is shocking to hear the suggestion, that the Churches are behind the Bill because they are jealous. They need not be. Register offices may have a growing popularity in theatrical and fashionable society, but, judging by the Divorce Court reports, the parsons must be turning out more successes.

Vagrants, Beware!

At the entrance to the Stratford-on-Avon Public Library is a large sign: "Vagrants not Admitted." Assuming that a vagrant is a person who does not work and who travels from place to place, the notice might well apply to the many wealthy American tourists who make this place their rendezvous. But—setting all jokes aside—is not this rather far-fetched discrimination? If a man is out of work and therefore homeless, does he cease to belong to the public for whom these places are ostensibly erected? If this plan were to be extended, a destitute man might be excluded from Hyde Park or the public baths. This is the 20th century.

A Dishonoured I.O.U.

In spite of lavish promises at the last Election, a house of four rooms and three attics in Pontefract shelters three families, totalling 22 persons. Surely never in the history of a nation was there so great a boon promised and so dishonourable a failure! One may almost hear the sardonic laughter of the gods at the statement that the Pontefract "Medical Officer and Sanitary Authorities have the case under consideration."

A System to Assist 'em.

Heedless of the fact that riches are a curse, T. Jeffreys, of 26, Sheen Grove, London, N., thrusts upon the happily poor his "System Perfect," which his dear father has run for thirty years and he for ten—winnings about £400 to £500 per season. If you win he takes half; if you lose he pays half, and he never touches less than 80 per cent. of winners. He says his system "never has failed and never will." Of course not—if the mug harvest continues good.

A Knock for "Pussyfoot."

Aquapuritans will have read with annoyance that Mr. George Read, of Swainswick, Bath, enjoyed his glass of beer and pinch of snuff to the day of his death at the ripe age of 103. We would not suggest that beer, as at present brewed, is a mild kind of elixir of life, guaranteed to make centenarians, but quite obviously, when imbibed with moderation, it is no deterrent to old age.

Rate Collector's Gold Mine.

The municipality of Kingston is not likely to lose much for lack of trying for it. Refusing to pay rates levied on a coffeestall, the proprietor was summoned, and compelled to agree to pay 15s. weekly, if not for the vehicle, then for the land it stood on. If the Kingston authorities could assess everybody on the same scale, their coffers would overflow, as an eight-roomed house on the coffeestall basis of 15s. weekly for 100 square feet would pay £15 a week in rates!

Write to JOHN BULL about it!

Men Only.

Women are demanding admission into men's political clubs — indeed the "Eighty" has already permitted them to serve on the Committee. There are some things a man likes to have to himself, and his club is one of them. If the agitators think men go to political clubs to talk politics, they are very much mistaken. They go to make life joyful; and the presence of women would tend seriously to interfere with their flow of spirits. It was a famous Bishop of London who defined a club as a place "where the women cease from troubling and the wicked are at rest."

Now Then, Sir Eric!

Surely, if a business man were installed at Pentonville Prison, he could produce considerable profit from the free services of two thousand men working ten hours a day. Then, again, what need can there be for a Deputy Governor, for instance? He leaves nothing for the Governor to do. And why a highly-paid Inspector of Prisons, who comes round twice a year? There are Governors, Visiting Magistrates, Chief Warders and Principals enough on the spot to carry out all the inspection required.

Prowling Police.

The police of Wigan are busily engaged investigating whist drives. We always thought that the primary duty of a policeman was to safeguard life and property. Perhaps this offers a new field for the Geddes "axe."

Not Greedy, But—

Mr. David Evans, of Carmarthen, not only collected rates, but had made a good start on collecting jobs. Drawing £625 a year for jogging the ratepayers' memories, the industrious Mr. Evans accepted another little post as Registration Officer carrying a mere trifle of £520 per annum. On protests being made—which he described as "personal spleen"—he is giving up the latter. Unfortunately, however, taking the second has suggested a Council inquiry as to whether the first position could be "whole-time," and if not, there may be a query about paying him whole salary.

Write to JOHN BULL about it!

Faked Milk.

Two more monstrous milkmen have been caught in the net: Ernest Robert Eldridge, of Dalston, E., and Joseph Goff, of Hackney Wick. Both were found guilty of the same offence—adding colouring matter to separated milk in order to give it the rich creamy colour of Jersey milk. These are systematic sinners who, not content with high prices, swindle their customers into the bargain. Eldridge has had to pay £5 and costs, and Goff £18 5s., including costs. Doubtless they can afford it.

Humanity Hindered.

At Hull the butchers in the Market Hall have adopted the kindly custom of giving away their surplus meat to the starving unemployed at closing time on Saturday nights. But this, if you please, was considered an infringement of the precious "Closing Order," which decrees that the shops must shut up at 7 p.m., and therefore the police were actually called upon to prevent the gracious distribution. As the Chief Constable has now declared that it was no duty of the police to interfere, let's hope they won't do it again.

The "Romance" of Filth.

Addressing a jury in a case of alleged indecent assault, Mr. Justice Acton remarked that "women jurors should know better than men why young girls of that age had a tendency to imagine things and romance about them." The defendant being discharged, we refrain from comment on the case, but who would gather from the judicial observations that the "young girl of that age" who "romanced" over a sexual outrage was a child of twelve? We doubt such a general precocity of indecency.

An Englishman's Home.

We recently commented on the voluminous and vexatious "Rules and Regulations" under which ratepayers were allowed to become tenants of Council Houses, one being a ukase forbidding lodgers. Now, Fleetwood District Council goes to the opposite extreme—four of its municipal dwellings are to be let only on condition that the tenants will accept certain lodgers, selected by the Council! What one forbids another compels, although either course scarcely supports the time-honoured claim that "an Englishman's home is his castle."

Made in Germany.

A reader who attended the 2nd Life Guards Annual Ball at Prince's Restaurant on March 10th forwards us a programme, attached to which is a pencil inscribed "Johann Faber, Germany." "It is bad enough," he remarks, "for civilians to buy German goods, but when it comes to a crack British regiment, I call it a direct insult to any Britisher who attended the ball." Strong words, but not one whit too strong, all things considered.

Unnecessary.

Mrs. Gough, of Chertsey, had the agonising experience of witnessing her husband, fishing opposite their bungalow, seized with a fit, during which he fell into the river and was drowned. The lady, without losing her presence of mind, threw off her coat and dived in, but was unable to recover the body. We endorse, with respectful admiration, the Coroner's encomium on her pluck, but fail to grasp the necessity for his clumsy suggestion that she had "nothing to reproach herself with"!

Good Goods and a Good Guarantee.

S. A. BARRY & CO., of 16, City Road, London, E.C.1, whose advertisement appears on page 9, write:—

"It affords us infinite pleasure to intimate our gratification in the continued value of your Journal as an advertising medium. We are astonished to be in a position to tell you that our turnover from 'John Bull' readers was as great in February and March as it was in preceding months, despite that these months are considered the 'close season' of the Tailoring Industry."

Read "News In Advertisements" on page 16.

Towels and Tooth-Brushes.

When a man orders Turkey-pattern doormats he does not expect to receive towels and toothbrushes. We, therefore, recommend the Leeds Bargain Company, of 31, Kendal Lane, Leeds, to discontinue advertising goods which they are unable to supply, and to return to customers the money sent with the original order instead of endeavouring to foist on them articles for which they have no use.

Lincoln's Lawbreakers.

Mr. Alfred Dovey, a Lincoln confectioner, tickles us somewhat. Summoned under the statute of Charles II. for selling sweets on Sunday, he asked the policemen who charged him whether they "reported themselves for summonses when they bought newspapers on Sunday." The answer is not recorded in the report of the case before us, but we think that, if any, it was "in the negative," as they say in the House of Commons.

"Not Guilty."

In a recent issue we called attention to severe comments made by Mr. Forbes Lankester, the South-West London Magistrate, on the arrest of a man in Hyde Park on a charge of insulting behaviour to women. The police concerned were Sergeant Tucker, Constable Pope and Station-Sergeant Palmer. "I have come to the conclusion," said the Magistrate in dismissing the case, "that this is a charge trumped up by the police to protect one of their number." The Chief Commissioner now says he caused an independent inquiry to be held and "the gentleman who held it thinks an arrest might have been avoided, but nevertheless the officers acted in good faith." For the sake of the high reputation of the London police, we are glad to hear it.

Another Twig Lopped.

Few long-suffering taxpayers are aware that their hard-earned money has been generously dispensed to make life easier and tea-time more gladsome for the limpets and spendthrifts. The cat is let out of the bag by the Treasury order abolishing allowances for "upkeep of canteens, luncheon and refreshment clubs in Government offices" after April 1st. It will probably be a dead-heat between the taxpayer's indignation at having paid and the limpet's dismay at the stoppage.

Killing the Brewer.

Pussyfoot pumpuritans will be delighted to have the assurance of Mr. W. Harris, Chairman of Meux's Brewery, that just as excessive taxation has utterly killed the trade in cigars and sparkling wines, so is it slowly killing the trade in beer. According to him, brewers paid duty on 36,000,000 barrels in 1914; for 1921 it is doubtful whether the figures will reach 22,000,000 barrels. That's about half a barrel each per year for every man and woman and child in the country. After this, whoever says we are an unduly thirsty people is an inexactitudinarian of the deepest dye.

Latter-Day Villains.

The latest figures show that over two thousand Mormon missionaries are busy in England and Scotland alone. Every English girl who becomes a convert to their belief ultimately reaches "Zion"—in other words, Salt Lake City, as statistics prove. Once there, in isolation from her friends and relatives, every sinister influence is brought to bear, and nothing short of a miracle can save her from becoming a "soul bride," or a "sealed wife." Encouraging as it is to note that the campaign against this nefarious traffic has received some impetus lately through pictures, lectures and press notice, the action taken is not nearly vigorous, drastic or general enough.

Write to JOHN BULL about it!

Lawful but not Expedient.

Councillor Collins, of Fleetwood, evidently put the cat among the pigeons by questioning the legality of limited companies with shareholders on the Council accepting contracts. The law, of course, allows it, but it will be difficult to persuade Fleetwood ratepayers that it is desirable. Adverse comment is invited, as a private firm one of whose members serves on a public body is rigorously debarred from participating in such contracts.

Brighton Bench and Bunkum.

The absurd prosecutions and ridiculous squabbles regarding penny-in-the-slot machines on the piers at Brighton, which have made "London-by-the-Sea" a laughing-stock for so many months past, seem likely to be brought to a timely end by the commonsense of Sir John Blaker, Bart., the Chairman of the Bench, when an application for a certificate of indemnity in regard to alleged offences under the Gaming Act was heard recently. This wise Magistrate—remarking that in family squabbles the Bench usually suggested a long adjournment and seldom heard any more of them—postponed the application *sine die*, with a pretty broad hint that the Bench was sick of all this bunkum. The right spirit.

THE SCHOOL SURGEON RUNS AMOK.

FETISH OF THROAT-CUTTING CLAIMS HEAVY TOLL OF LIVES AMONG THE CHILDREN OF THE POOR.

CAREFUL investigation into the facts enables JOHN BULL to publish further particulars of the gravest importance touching the case of little Charlie Page, the Tottenham school boy whose death under tragic circumstances we recorded last week. To these particulars our readers should give their most earnest consideration. They point to a conditions of affairs that they dare not allow to continue. The boy died a victim of a vicious and cruel, because unintelligent, system to which the lives of their own children may at any moment be sacrificed. That system insists upon the wholesale removal of children's adenoids and tonsils as a matter of school routine, and under conditions that are emphatically condemned by the very highest medical authorities as dangerous to child life, and almost fatal to success. The case of Charlie Page is a dreadful and striking justification of their warning. The boy, so far from being sickly and delicate or in need of medical attention, was a splendid specimen of our race. A tall, handsome lad of 13, to say that he was healthy is to understate the case—his health, save for measles, had been unbroken all his life. He had done five years' service in the Boys' Brigade; had four swimming certificates—one for life saving—was a keen footballer, and his high spirits and good temper made him the pride and delight of his little family circle. There is a dreadful pathos in the narrative which his mother gave to our Commissioner of their last walk together to the deadly clinic:—

> Tuesday was a day on which Charlie always played football for his school, and as he accompanied me to the Clinic he smilingly said that he didn't know how they would get on without him that afternoon at the school. "Never mind, Mum," he said, "you'll let me play next Tuesday, won't you—if I'm well enough?" Light-hearted, buoyant, he entered the Clinic—he took his turn in the operating-room. About half-an-hour after the nurse had taken him from me (I was sitting in a separate room some distance away from the operating theatre), I heard screams—terrible screams—and said to a woman next me: "That is my Charlie! Good God! What are they doing to him?"

A MATTER OF ROUTINE!

Soon the screams were silent. The lad was dead! Now, how came this operation to be performed on this healthy, vigorous boy? It was done as a matter of routine. The inquest shows that Dr. Stalker saw the lad at a school inspection; looked down his throat; found that the tonsils were enlarged and ordered the operation. Death followed—and who can be surprised? We could fill JOHN BULL with the solemn words of eminent medical men who have pointed out that this difficult and delicate operation should be performed not as a matter of course, but only by surgeons specially skilled, under carefully arranged conditions, and then, mark well, only as a last resort. The mere fact that the tonsils are enlarged does not, they assert most definitely, make necessary this operation—an operation that Dr. Muecke tells us "is more lightheartedly and indiscriminately undertaken by *anybody* in the profession than any other." And the doctor adds these terrible words: "No operation is more generally badly done." In the case of Charlie Page, the death of the boy is not the worst feature. For the inquest shows that the doctor who performed the fatal operation conducted the *post mortem* and gave evidence as to the cause of death! To say that this is unsatisfactory is a mild phrase. When the mother applied for permission to take her son's body home, it was refused; when, indeed, a few days later, she asked the local authorities what they proposed to do for her, she was offered the magnificent sum of £10 as a contribution towards her expenses! This princely compensation was sent "without prejudice." But none the less it is an admission of the moral, if not the legal, liability of the authorities for the life sacrificed to their regulations, just as surely as it is an indication of their cynical view of the value of that life!

THE ITCH FOR THE KNIFE.

The fact is that throat cutting has become a fetish with the less skilled members of the profession—a fetish that is costing children's lives. Dr. Kynaston, a most experienced surgeon, insists that only when tonsils or adenoids are diseased should they be removed. But removed they are as lightheartedly as we cut our finger nails, and removed under conditions that positively court suffering, failure and death and that are as sickening to the beholders as they are disgraceful to the authorities who force them on poor parents. Recently we received from an experienced and highly respected journalist, occupying a position on a well-known contemporary, the following narrative—simple, yet eloquent. He says:—

> About two months ago, I was in an omnibus in Gray's Inn Road. A woman boarded the vehicle carrying a boy of about ten years of age, a towel, saturated in blood, was wrapped round his face, and the boy was in an absolutely collapsed condition, as well as being paralysed with fright. The mother was in tears, and explained that her child had just "had his tonsils done," and immediately on "coming round" he was bundled out of the institution to make room for others. At every jolt of the vehicle the poor little kiddie vomited blood, not only over the floor, but even over passengers seated opposite him. By the time King's Cross Station was reached the interior of the vehicle resembled a slaughter-house, and it was plain to everybody that the patient, who ought to have been in a hospital ward, was unconscious and in a grave condition. The towel had been discarded and handkerchiefs were borrowed from those present. These were forced into his gaping mouth by the unfortunate hysterical mother in a vain attempt to staunch the blood-flow.

Happily, the journalist proved a good Samaritan, and took the unfortunate mother and child to their home in a taxi, the conductor helping him to remove the child, otherwise he might well have died. In any case, that torture like this should be inflicted on the children of the poor is nothing short of monstrous. Dr. Tilley, the great throat expert, states that he would not operate on a patient in his own house and then send him home in a carriage. Forty-eight hours in bed at least are necessary, the *British Medical Journal* declares. But, under this cruel and accursed system, these poor children are bundled practically out of the operating room into the cold air outside with a considerable wound in their throats—a wound "teeming with varieties of organisms, exposed to septic secretions." It is a marvel that any of them escape with their lives. The tragedy, the horror of it all is that the parents have, or think they have, no option in the matter. A rich or well-to-do man can consult his own doctor and act as he is advised. But the poor are *ordered* to submit their children to these operations to which there attaches so grave a risk. Let us give another case in point. Last December young Freddy Lewis, a boy of eleven years, attending the Lancing Street County School, Somers Town, was ordered to go to the school Clinic. He returned home to his mother, with the casual intimation that she was to take him to "the University Hospital for his throat." The boy was healthy, strong, energetic—a Scout, and a popular one at that. It is strangely significant that nothing was heard of the matter for three months—that is, until March 3rd, 1922, when the parents were mystified by a further order calling for poor Teddy's delivery at the hospital three days later. If, as we are warned, these operations ought to be performed only in urgent cases, it is curious that the authorities should have allowed this interval. But the fact is that they are performed, not only in urgent cases, but—as Dr. Muecke has pointed out—lightheartedly, for altogether inadequate reasons, and often with tragic results.

ANOTHER HOPEFUL LIFE SACRIFICED.

Take the case of young Lewis. On March the 6th, at 10 o'clock, Mrs. Lewis left her boy obediently at the Hospital. She was to return at 6 o'clock. When she did so, she says:—

> I found my little son lying unconscious on his bed—blood coming from his mouth, and a hectic flush on his face.... I almost screamed at the sight of him, but a nurse said there was no need for alarm as the child would "come out" presently. . . . Only my friend and myself sat there as the time passed, and the little chap lay still and silent for the best part of an hour. . . . Then, frightened that he was dying, I called the nurse to the bedside. *She grew very alarmed.* "Call somebody—anybody!" she cried, and in due course a doctor came upon the scene. But the child was dead. The operation on his tonsils—three months after his examination—had killed him!

Poor Lewis, a bright, interesting lad, well known and liked in the district, he died another victim to the insane obsession that lets loose young medicoes, doctors who have barely qualified, to practise upon the throats of poor children. The formula adopted by these tyros is that when the tonsils are enlarged, they must be cut. But older and more experienced practitioners insist that only when the enlargement has become chronic through neglect is an operation necessary. Cleanliness, the inhalation of suitable antiseptics, medicine and a healthy diet—these, indeed, are essentials. But they find no place in the vicious system which we have exposed, and which cries aloud for abolition.

Are you in trouble? "Write to JOHN BULL about it!"

A POLICE PROBLEM.

INQUEST EVIDENCE OF CRUEL VIOLENCE.

Police-Sergeant J. Williams and P.C. Arthur Abbott are entitled to adduce the verdict of the Sheffield Coroner's jury, exonerating them from blame, which enquired into the cause of death of an ex-soldier named Riley. The woman with whom he lived came out of her house screaming, followed by Riley. He and the woman fell down together. While arresting the man it is said by the woman herself, corroborated by other witnesses, that the constable used such violence to Riley with his knees and hands while the two were on the ground that his screams were horrible to hear. The policeman was "on the top of Riley," said a witness named Temlinson, "choking him with his knees on him." Presently Police-Sergeant Williams appeared on the scene and assisted Abbott to get Riley to the police station. He says the man was so very violent that it was decided to put him on a tramcar. In doing so, he affirms, "Riley suddenly broke loose from their grip and fell violently forward on the car steps." In this the constable corroborates the sergeant. Independent testimony is that the officers pitched their prisoner on to the driver's platform like a bundle of hay, and while he lay there, quite helpless, moving his arm about and groaning, the constable "punched him and knocked him back with a thud," injuring his head. On being taken off the car between the two officers, Riley was in a state of collapse—dying, or even then dead. When taken to the Royal Infirmary about 11.15 that night, Dr. Macrae's opinion was that he had been dead for "less than an hour." Death was due to a blow in the pit of the stomach. "Could the injury have been caused by someone kneeling on deceased's stomach?" the doctor was asked. "It was more likely to have been caused by a sharp blow, but it could have been caused in that way," was the reply. Wildly drunken men can be very violent, but the very fact that they are in this state should make the police chary of using vicious counter violence of the kind suggested. It is certain that the duty of the police in such a case is not to control their prisoner with excess of violence but to restrain them with as little violence as is possible.

PRODUCTS OF STATE "EDUCATION."

APPALLING INCREASE OF JUVENILE CRIME.

Painful proof that our vaunted and costly system of State Education fails in the most important of all educational duties—that of inculcating morals and manners, and thereby building up "character"—is daily afforded by the increasing record of crime and hooliganism perpetrated by young people of both sexes—by boys especially. A recent and typical instance is an abominable outrage committed at Cleethorpes by two youths, Cyril Mould and Horace Norton, and two younger boys. Having been rebuked by Mr. John Blow, an elderly man, for noisy behaviour outside his house, whereby his wife, who has been an invalid ever since the terrible days of the air raids, was disturbed and distressed, they took a dastardly revenge by constructing a bomb and exploding it in his porch, shattering the door, seriously injuring Mr. Blow, and so terrifying the poor invalid that she became desperately ill. An amazing and most disquieting fact is that, so far from administering condign punishment to this gang of young ruffians, the complacent Magistrates merely fined Mould 40s. and the others 30s. apiece "including damage"! Wiser judges would have taken care to ensure that the punishment should have been of a kind that would not soon be forgotten.

"MUTINOUS" MARINERS.

HARSH SENTENCES ON GUERNSEY SAILORS.

A few days ago five of the crew of the *Randfontein*, then lying in Guernsey Roads, refused to proceed on the voyage on the ground that the vessel was unseaworthy. A schooner carrying a cargo of salt from the Balearic Islands, she had met with dirty weather in the Bay of Biscay, with the result that the pumps were choked and she was compelled to put in at Guernsey with over 5 feet of water in her hold. It appears there had been trouble with the pumps almost from the first, it having been necessary to have them seen to at Genoa, Ivica and Gibraltar. In such circumstances, with the treacherous water of the English Channel to encounter and in view of the terribly stormy weather to be expected at the season of the year, the crew were justified, in our opinion, in demanding that the ship should be examined before the voyage was proceeded with, as there were good grounds for suspicion that the hull itself was leaking. This reasonable request, however, was refused, and the five seamen mentioned found themselves before the Guernsey Bench charged with refusing to obey the lawful command of the Master of the schooner. It seems to us that there may easily be occasions on which a man is entitled to refuse to risk his life. This, we believe, was one of them; and to have sentenced each of those five men to one month's hard labour for declining to sail until reasonable precautions had been taken, strikes us as particularly harsh on the part of the Guernsey Justices. Those who go down to the sea in ships encounter enough perils from the elements without enduring the risks of an unseaworthy craft.

A PARSON'S "PARSNIPS."

CONGREGATIONAL MINISTER'S STARVATION PAY.

"Fine words butter no parsnips," is an old-fashioned but very wise saying, the truth of which is well exemplified by a comparison of the magniloquent declarations made at the last autumnal session of the London Congregational Union and the present distressing circumstances of one of the London ministers of that denomination. The Rev. W. L. Lee, Moderator of the London Province, declared that the policy of the Union was not to withdraw from difficult places, but to help their churches to occupy them, and that they were prepared to render assistance to ministers and churches—while Mr. Harry Barber, the Treasurer, asserted that they had adopted a minimum stipend of £250 for their ministers, and he believed that in every case the stipend had been raised to that sum. Mr. Barber might like to explain how he came to make the assertion when he must have known full well that such was not the case. The Rev. Frederick William Pitt, to whose treatment by the Union we referred at length in a recent issue, was appointed to the ministry of Horbury Chapel, Kensington Park Road, in April, 1911, at a stipend of £200, but he has never yet received it, let alone £250. His balance sheet for the present year, up to and includng March 19th, shows receipts from collections and special gifts amounting to £45 4s. 11d., and disbursements—including repairs, water, gas, coal, caretaker's and organ blower's salaries, etc.—of £41 17s. 6d., leaving a miserable £3 7s. 5d. for the pastor to starve on. We cannot help wondering, in spite of Mr. Harry Barber's assertion regarding the minimum stipend, how many more ministers there may be in similar straits, and what the good people to whom such eloquent appeals were made to contribute to the funds of the London Congregational Union in order that such necessitous cases might be relieved think of it all. "Such distance is between high words and deeds!" as the old poet put it.

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ROGUERY IN RACING.—III.

TRAINERS' TRICKS ON THE TURF—BLUFFING THE HANDICAPPER—"IN AND OUT" RUNNING.

[This article—the third of a remarkable series from the pen of an acknowledged racing expert—contains a striking exposure of some of the wiles by which "slim" owners and trainers endeavour to circumvent the handicapper. Next week's instalment will make some startling revelations of Selling Race trickery].

BEHIND the scenes of the Turf many keen battles are constantly being waged, and one of the keenest is that between the more astute trainers and the various official handicappers. The trainer bluffs the handicapper as often and as cleverly as he can, and the laws of the game are so constituted that he is fully entitled to do so. At the same time, whenever these bluffs are brought off, the racing public lose heavily to the bookmakers. A "surprise victory" of a horse whose chances before the race were considered negligible, generally means that the average punter's money is lost on other horses, but one could make a perfectly safe bet that the stable responsible for the coup had got its money on the winner at long odds. The handicapper in his turn has to bear in mind the quarters from which the most successful coups emanate, and to do his best to ensure the public against the chances of a horse going into the race with such a light impost that it leads to a runaway victory. Trainers adopt many and varied methods in their attempts to get a horse handicapped at a lower weight than the animal's full capabilities justify. Some years ago the winner of the Cesarewitch put thousands of pounds into the pockets of his connections by an exceptionally easy victory. The horse had quite two stone the best of the handicap, but only the owner, trainer and a few intimate acquaintances knew it. Previous to the Cesarewitch the horse had not run for a very long time, and his last race had been in a five furlong event, a very different proposition from the stiff 2¼ miles of the Cesarewitch course. The handicapper not unnaturally concluded that the horse was a sprinter, not a stayer—and his mistake, as it proved, made the big October handicap an absolute gift to the animal exploited.

The Cup and the Coup.

A similar piece of bluff was successfully adopted with a Hunt Cup winner not long ago. Earlier in the season the horse ran in and won an obscure event of no great importance at one of the lesser Midland meetings. When the time came to handicap him for the Hunt Cup, the Ascot official apparently took into consideration the minor race and came to the conclusion that the horse's connections were far too ambitious. He, therefore, allotted it only a very light burden in the Hunt Cup. An unfashionable jockey was given the mount, and the horse was backed at all sorts of prices to win a fortune. It won by several lengths, and its subsequent performances suggest that it could have won that Hunt Cup with another stone and a half on its back! It is no light task correctly to estimate the possibilities of a horse when he appears among the entries for a race a class above that in which he has been participating, or in an event over a distance which the handicapper might have assumed is either too long or too short for him. It is then up to the official to give full consideration to the reputation of the owner or trainer—or both. Should it arouse his suspicions, he sees that the horse cannot be made a "certainty."

Locking the Door Before——.

Occasionally owners complain of undue severity in the handicapping—a sure proof that handicappers have had *cause* to be severe. The race which particularly lends itself to handicapping difficulties, and is therefore "open" to trainers and owners, is the nursery or the two-year-old handicap. Many a juvenile is, in Turf parlance, "not out a yard" during his races down to that period of the season when the nurseries come along. Here the handicapper has to decide how near to, or how far from, its real form any one of the "down the course" brigade actually is. What with some horses being backward and others not exposed or extended, the handicapper's job is no sinecure, and he is lucky indeed if he does not find a youngster of no form at all backed down to a short price and proving a ready winner. There was a case in point last back-end of a two-year-old who had done nothing previous to getting into a nursery at a very light weight. It started a warm favourite, won that race, and another a few days later in which he beat a better-class field even more easily. Once a horse has got into a handicap with a stone or more less than its normal form justifies, the time is ripe for owner and trainer to get busy, and it is possible to win four or five races right off the reel, because his connections will have entered him for events which do not entail accumulative penalties—the only "extra" on his back is what he earned by his first win. Last season there was a sprinter who not only showed astonishing improvement, but won a succession of races in the easiest of fashions, and in every instance he was heavily backed to do so. The sequel to a case like this, of course, is that when the horse is next handicapped it goes up about 21 lbs, and then the whole rigmarole of getting the weight down again commences afresh. A more obvious form of bluffing the handicapper is to prepare the way for a coup by running the horse over what is for him a bad distance. But there are many instances of horses genuinely trying but proving failures over one particular distance and later on racing successfully over others. Cases in point are those of Polemarch, Dynamo and Monarch. All these were believed capable of winning over a 1¼ mile course, at least, but none developed the necessary stamina, though each promises to win many a good sprint race yet. In the case of none of these has there been anything but a straightforward policy; with each it was just a case of running out of his distance until failure dictated new plans. In the same way there are horses like Bright News, who, from comparative failures as sprinters, have been able to win races up to a mile and a half or so.

Detecting Dope.

Fortunately it is only now and then that a horse is "readied" by the swift medium of dope. Dope has been used and is still used at obscure meetings, but scarcely ever is it employed when the stewards know their business. To such an official who has any knowledge whatever of the horse's normal condition *after* a race, the effects of dope are too obvious to need a second glance. "In and out" running, with absolutely no other object than of getting weight taken off a horse and bluffing the handicapper in general, has become so frequent in recent years that a well-known sportsman was actually heard to say: "I would not put so much as a cigar on a 100 to 1 *odds on* chance unless I knew definitely that the stable's money was on it."

HORROR IN THE HOUSE.

DIRE TRAGEDIES IN THE FAMILY TEAPOT.

Not without ample tragic reason did Mr. O. H. Cochrane, Coroner of Middlesbrough, give his grave public warning, at a local inquest the other day, about the danger of using for drinking purposes hot water drawn from a household service system, or filling a kettle for making tea with water which has stood all night in lead service pipes. The inquest was on the bodies of three young children of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Murray, of Middlesbrough. The whole family of seven persons were stricken down with severe diarrhœa. They were the victims of metallic poisoning. In the body of one child ·026 grains of metallic copper and ·223 grains of metallic lead were found. According to an analyst called in by the Coroner to report on the tragedy, the family had probably absorbed through the consumption of water drawn from the service pipes and kitchen boiler these metallic irritants. For this reason water drawn from a hot water system should never be used for making tea or cooking. Let housewives and servants take to heart the Middlesbrough Coroner's warning.

AN EX-SERVICE-MAN'S REWARD.

INTELLIGENT OBSERVATION WINS £1,000.

Despite the discomforts of a wintry spring, Mr. G. A. Sealey, of 36, Audley Gardens, Seven Kings, Ilford, with a happy family and a wholesome hobby which has just brought him the handsome reward of £1,000, should indeed be contented with his lot. In his wife's maiden name of E. F. Miller, he sent in for "Bullets" Competition No. 440 the exceedingly witty and Topical line, "Our Girls—Seeking 'Variety' find 'Drama.'" Mr. Sealey served in the Army from 1914 until 1920, when he returned from the Army of Occupation in Germany to take up a postal appointment in the Eastern District Office, Whitechapel. For years he has made competitions his hobby. "I am always at this game," he remarked. "I always carry pencil and paper, and some of my most successful solutions have resulted from quite commonplace incidents. I do not consider that these competitions are merely a matter of luck and chance. I honestly believe that merit, and merit alone, wins through. I always provide my own solutions." More big prizes are to be won—why should *you* not gain one?

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"Daily Mirror" (Serial Story):—"His eyes flickered into a grin."

"Bow Bells":—"It was past ten o'clock on Thursday afternoon."

"School and Sport":—"'Rats,' said Harry Lovell, through closed lips."

"Daily Mail":—"In the Poole pottery are straight pots for jam with coloured stripes."

"Enfield Gazette and Observer": — "A simple yet unsuccessful method for renewing this hat will be found in the following process."

"Football and Sports Favourite":—"He came to a stop under the window, and was frightened at the sight of his master's voice."

"Bishop's Castle Advertiser":—"The town clerk requires cleaning and readjustment."

"Home Companion":—"'What are you doing here?' he demanded. 'Don't speak, but answer me—at once, at once!'"

Don't spend a sleepless night—"Write to JOHN BULL about it!"

SAINTS AND SINNERS:

By THE CANDID FRIEND.

PEN PORTRAITS OF PROMINENT PEOPLE.

THE EARL OF DERBY.

OH, those breakfasts!

I am referring to those wonderful breakfasts which Lord Derby used to ask me to enjoy when he was Secretary of State for War during the terrible years of 1916 and 1918. The homeliest and perhaps the most honest figure in modern politics, Lord Derby was in the happiest mood on these occasions.

Everybody who came to take breakfast with him in those days had a grievance. The grievance was as welcome as the marmalade. It was the grievance of the soldier—and it was the soldier's cause that Lord Derby had at heart.

This great Tory gentleman was as homely and friendly then as he is to-day. He never wanted to be a politician, but loves the life of a country gentleman. He is perhaps the only person in the country who has been forced into politics through a personal sense of duty.

I shall never forget when on a certain occasion at the War Office he turned to his son, Lord Stanley, and remarked:

"Look here, Stan; let's get down to Gatwick and see what is doing."

This racy remark broke off some very serious deliberation. And it gave Lord Derby time to think. His mind was troubled with grave and momentous events, and he turned for temporary relief to the greatest of all English sports. So may we all turn to some friendly pastime in the hour of trial.

Lord Derby is the perfect type of the bluff, honest, "John Bull" English gentleman. As our Ambassador in Paris, he astounded our French friends by wearing a bowler hat at the races. I suppose this is the reason why certain political people in England thought that Lord Derby was going to be a diplomatic failure. They were wrong. Paris—a city which is greatly forgiving in social matters—forgave Lord Derby his habit of wearing a bowler hat on the racecourse, and regarded him as the worthy successor of King Edward the Seventh in the Ministry of friendship between the French and the British people.

You may read in the daily papers that Lord Derby may be our next Prime Minister. I do not think it is at all likely that he will accept the Premiership. Blunt, convivial and human as he is, I cannot see him serving under any plebeian Premier. He is essentially a Tory with strong democratic tendencies. But I think he would, if necessary, accept a Ministry without portfolio under a purely Conservative Government.

"Watch Lord Derby!" has been a catchword in the political world for the last few years. "To-day more than ever," is now the whisper in political circles. Certainly the attitude of the great Lancashire landowner has done much to encourage the view that destiny is not in a hurry to make him Prime Minister of Great Britain. Just think of his refusal to succeed Mr. Montagu at the India Office! That is the sort of job which any normal politician would have snapped at!

Having been our Ambassador in Paris for over two and a half years, Lord Derby returned home with the express desire of keeping out of the limelight so far as politics were concerned. But a sense of duty brought him back into those unpleasant paths. The peace and quietude which are part of a country gentleman's life were denied him. There was civil war within the Empire. He was asked to placate the rebels in Ireland, and in the guise of a mysterious "Mr. Edwards," wearing thick-rimmed tortoiseshell spectacles, he did his best.

In this and in other ways, Lord Derby showed himself active; but the particular thing was the feeling in the Government that he was all the time taking stock of the position, and might at any moment blossom forth as the leader of an old-fashioned, honest, Tory Government, which would take the place of a dishonest Coalition.

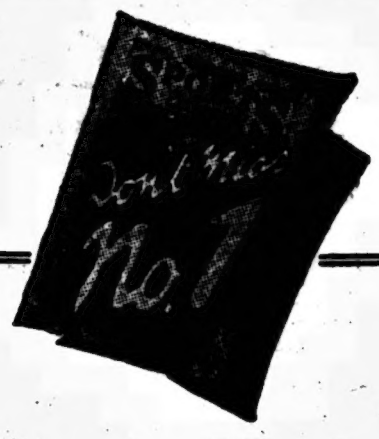
In fact, it may be said that this quiet, bluff, country squire—who is in personality so essentially opposed to the eccentric genius of our little Welsh wizard, the Prime Minister—has never ceased to take stock of the political situation. He has always been taking stock and taking stock, to Britain's credit.

He was taking stock when he refused Mr. Lloyd George's invitation to resume his old position as Secretary for War. He was taking stock when he refused to be associated with the present crumbling Coalition Government. He was certainly taking stock of the affairs of the Empire in general when he declined to accept the invitation which was so generously offered to him by Mr. Lloyd George to become the Secretary of State for India.

Lord Derby, in his blunt way, has always brushed aside his many invitations to political office. Therefore, he has never been a political failure. Therefore, he is a political hope. He is a man who has never made a political mistake, because he has never made a political adventure. I will not say that he has been waiting his time, but I will say that time and chance have been waiting for him.

If the Lloyd George dynasty crashes to-morrow, there is no other Prime Minister for us save the bluff and hearty English country gentleman, or some nominee of a divided and distracted Labour Party.

Remember that Lord Derby is the leader of the Conservative organisation—he is President of the National Unionist Association—that among the people of the North of England he is looked up to, not only as a mighty landowner, but as a considerable political power; remember that Lord Derby is almost the last Statesman left to us, about whom one can say with sincerity "at least this man has no axe to grind." No wonder the eyes of all his thinking countrymen are upon him.



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CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

(This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.)

To the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, M.P., Colonial Secretary.

DEAR WINSTON,—Permit me to congratulate you and the British Empire on having followed my advice and abolished the accursed system of child slavery which has been for so long in vogue in Hong Kong. Three weeks ago I insisted that this detestable form of camouflaged servitude, under which girls were forced into Eastern brothels while still merely children, demanded, not an Inquiry, but speedy abolition. Your admirable note to the Governor of Hong Kong endorses this view and orders him forthwith to take the necessary steps. Thus you have purged the Empire and humanity of a horrible reproach. Well done! JOHN BULL.

To Sir Ernest Wild, K.C., M.P., Recorder of London.

DEAR SIR ERNEST,—I have never regarded you as a great lawyer, and there are many more powerful advocates at the Bar, but I believe you are a fair-minded man with a useful allowance of common sense, and I have no doubt you will make good as Recorder of London. I am sure you will be scrupulously fair and not allow bias, least of all political bias, to sway you. But would it not be a graceful act on your part to resign your seat in Parliament now, without waiting for the General Election? Think it over!

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. George Porter, Stock Street Council School, Plaistow, E.

SIR,—If your recent exploit with a little boy of eight may be taken as an indication of your mentality, it is high time you were removed from your position and made way for someone with a sense of his responsibility towards the children committed to his care. When Harold Grubb returned to the schoolroom to get his hat, you snatched him up and held him in front of the fire, remarking: "It is time you were baked!" The poor child's legs and thighs were so badly scorched by the hot fire-guard that he had to attend St. Mary's Hospital for a week as an outpatient. All you could say in defence of this senseless brutality was that you did it for a joke. Your perverted sense of humour cost you a fine of £5, but I can't help feeling that the punishment would better have fitted the crime had there been something in it that would have left a smart. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Eamon De Valera.

REBEL LEADER,—I fondly thought that never again should I have reason to address you in terms of censure, but unhappily I cannot acquit you of responsibility for the persistence of civil strife in Ireland. In pursuance of a false ideal of Nationalism, and egged on by a wounded vanity, you rejected a settlement which would give Ireland the substance of freedom without its Republican form. It is largely as a result of this attitude of yours that blood flows again on Irish soil, and men who should be brothers are locked in fratricidal strife. I believe you profess a religion whose code demands that you should practise mercy and loving-kindness. But if your policy in Ireland is based on Christian principles, I must open my Bible and learn the elements of the faith. JOHN BULL.

To G. N. Barnes, Esq., M.P., House of Commons.

DEAR MR. BARNES,—Allow me to applaud your recent speech. The working man with anti-capitalist notions who puts himself to the trouble of reading your words will have an opportunity of ridding his mind of the fallacies which warp it and cumber it. I agree with you that capitalist and proletarian are "much of a muchness"; each is after his own, sometimes after a bit of other people's, or even as much as he can get. "Lack of effort is the curse of industry to-day." Striking confirmation of that fact comes from Mr. Charles Sangster, Chairman of the Swift Company, Birmingham, who says he can prove that a Trade Union recently fined one of its members £10 19s. for working too hard. A country cannot be prosperous and lazy. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir Hamar Greenwood, M.P., Chief Secretary for Ireland.

DEAR SIR HAMAR,—I am very much concerned to know what you propose to do with the members of that magnificent force, the Royal Irish Constabulary, which is to be disbanded at the end of this week. So far as I can see, they will then find themselves between the Devil and the deep. You cannot be unaware of the terrible threats of vengeance against these men which have been made by the irreconcilable elements in the Republican Party. In various parts of the South and West notices have been posted up declaring that they will be shot at sight if they attempt to return to their homes. You surely cannot intend to leave them to be murdered in cold blood! JOHN BULL.

To His Honour Judge Tobin, K.C., Westminster County Court.

YOUR HONOUR,—One of the parties to a suit before you made a special application to have the case tried by a jury. He was quite within his rights, but you described his application as "the height of folly," apologised to the jury for keeping them—thus obviously prejudicing them against the litigant—and finally indulged in the luxury of a self-presented testimonial as to the number of cases you had tried unaided and with success. I can only hope that your conduct in these cases was not marked by the same deficiencies as those which you exhibited on this occasion. JOHN BULL.

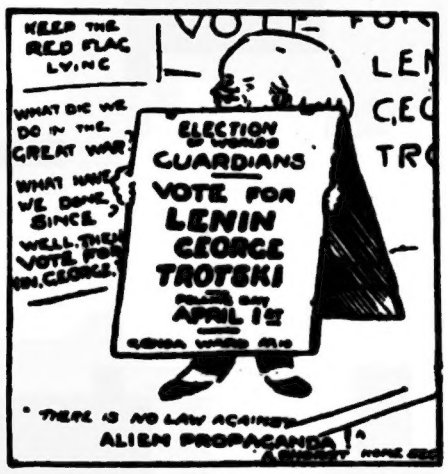
To Rt. Hon. F. G. Kellaway, M.P., Postmaster-General.

DEAR MR. KELLAWAY,—When you were translated from comparative obscurity to rule over the destinies of St. Martin's-le-Grand, you were hailed as the very latest in Super-men. Things, however, became, and are now, as unsatisfactory as possible, so far as the monopoly you control is concerned. Give that monopoly to any business firm and it would make it pay hand over fist, and still see that the employees had proper wages. But, of course, they would abolish the absurd twopenny post, cheapen telephone charges, and re-establish Sunday deliveries. You have been going to do these many months, but—nothing happens. When are you going to justify your admirers? JOHN BULL.

To the Viscount Northcliffe.

DEAR LORD NORTHCLIFFE,—You are returning in the very nick of time for the General Election. How you will enjoy yourself, to be sure, when you are back in control of your newspapers, making the fur fly and seeing that plenty of ginger is put into the leading articles! I am a little sorry for your staff, all the same. They have had such a nice quiet time of it in your absence. Also I am curious as to what line you are going to take. Doubtless you will attack Lloyd George and the Government. But whom will you support? Hardly the Die-hards, nor yet Labour; while as for the Wee-Frees and Mr. Asquith, I can feel you shudder at the bare idea. Yours will be a pathetic dilemma, after all. Energy operating in a vacuum produces nothing, and mere destructive criticism is pretty much like that, isn't it? JOHN BULL.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.



To boost the world's worst enemies,
It seems, is not a crime!
But those who do it, all the same,
Deserve a "stretch" of time.

The interested efforts of
Some parties still increase
To paint Bad Bill the hero, not
The villain, of the piece.

Although the Admiralty tried
To blunt the Geddes axe,
It seems they still have got to face
The Treasury's attacks!

Here was no case of cruelty,
But one of bitter need!
Will not some generous soul replace
The coster's foundered steed?

You may bless the day you wrote to JOHN BULL about it!"

Georges Carpentier

(*The Famous Boxer*)

AND THE

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Photo by Personality Photo Press.
CARPENTIER in the D.B. REEFER SUIT we made for him.

Photo by Personality Photo Press.
CARPENTIER in his BARRY SINGLE-BREASTED BLUE SERGE SUIT.

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'Evening News' .. 10
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(One of which was commissioned.)

"One of the remainder was a 'dud,' and the others have been taken by weekly periodicals.

"I think this speaks volumes for the hints I found in Lessons 1 and 2, as previously I could only sell an occasional article.

"I may add that I put in full time at my normal employment."

"You will be pleased to hear that your first lesson gave me the inspiration for the story enclosed. . . . I sent it to the 'Daily News' and then to the 'Daily Herald.' The latter published it."

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(Strike out subjects not desired) This places you under no obligation to enrol.

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THE WOMAN LLOYD

Flirting with Soviet Assassins—Shameful Case of

By THE E

SO at last the cat is out of the bag. There is to be no further attempt at concealment, ladies and gentlemen; no effort to deceive you. The British Prime Minister will positively appear at the Genoa Conference, and there sit down with the accredited representatives of that foul and blood-stained tyranny known as the Soviet Government of Russia. There was a time, not so long ago, when David Lloyd George refused all truck with a policy which, as he said, meant "shaking hands with murder" and lending the light of his countenance to loot, outrage and rapine. It was, to be precise, on the 16th April, 1919, that he used these memorable words. "The Bolshevik Government has committed against Allied subjects great crimes, which make it impossible to recognise it, even if it were a civilised Government." Yet to-day this amazing champion of democracy is ready and eager to seize a long spoon and sup with the Devil. Not only will he shake hands with the murderers, but will welcome them to Genoa with every mark of courtesy and favour. Such is the chameleon quality of the modern politician, of whom our wonderful Prime Minister is the supreme type and example. To the plain man it all seems very incomprehensible, and I confess that personally I regard this latest move of Mr. Lloyd George with the gravest suspicion and mistrust. I hate oppression in all its forms, and if ever there was an iron-heeled despotism in the world's history, it is that which has usurped the throne of the Czars.

The Trail of the Assassin.

And now, if you please, we are to "recognise" these vile miscreants as though they were a civilised Power. Such a proposal is beyond the comprehension of decent people. It is almost as though while the Germans were butchering babes in Belgium and turning the fairest fields of France into a wilderness of hate, it had been proposed—as indeed it was by a handful of purblind pacifists—to invite them to hobnob with British statesmen round a conference table. For the Bolshevik rabble at Moscow have never once ceased to practise the devilish arts they learned from their German masters. Only the other day there was a question in the House of Commons which threw a lurid light upon the "Red Terror" reigning in Russia. At the instance of Mr. Lambert, the Liberal Member for the South Molton Division of Devon, the Prime Minister was asked to state "whether he had official information that since October, 1917, there had been executed by the Soviet authorities in Russia 28 bishops, 1,215 priests, 6,775 schoolmasters and professors, 8,800 physicians, 54,650 officers, 260,000 soldiers, 10,500 police officers, 48,500 soldier-police, 12,950 landowners, 355,250 "intellectuals," 193,350 workmen, 815,000 peasants—a total of 1,767,018; and, if so, did he intend to make representations on the subject before the Genoa Conference." Here was a chance for Mr. Lloyd George, who must have had notice of the Question, to rise in his place and denounce the infamies of Lenin. But no, the right hon. gentleman was engaged elsewhere, and a feeble shifty evasion from Mr. Cecil Harmsworth was all the questioner got for his pains.

A Woman's Martyrdom.

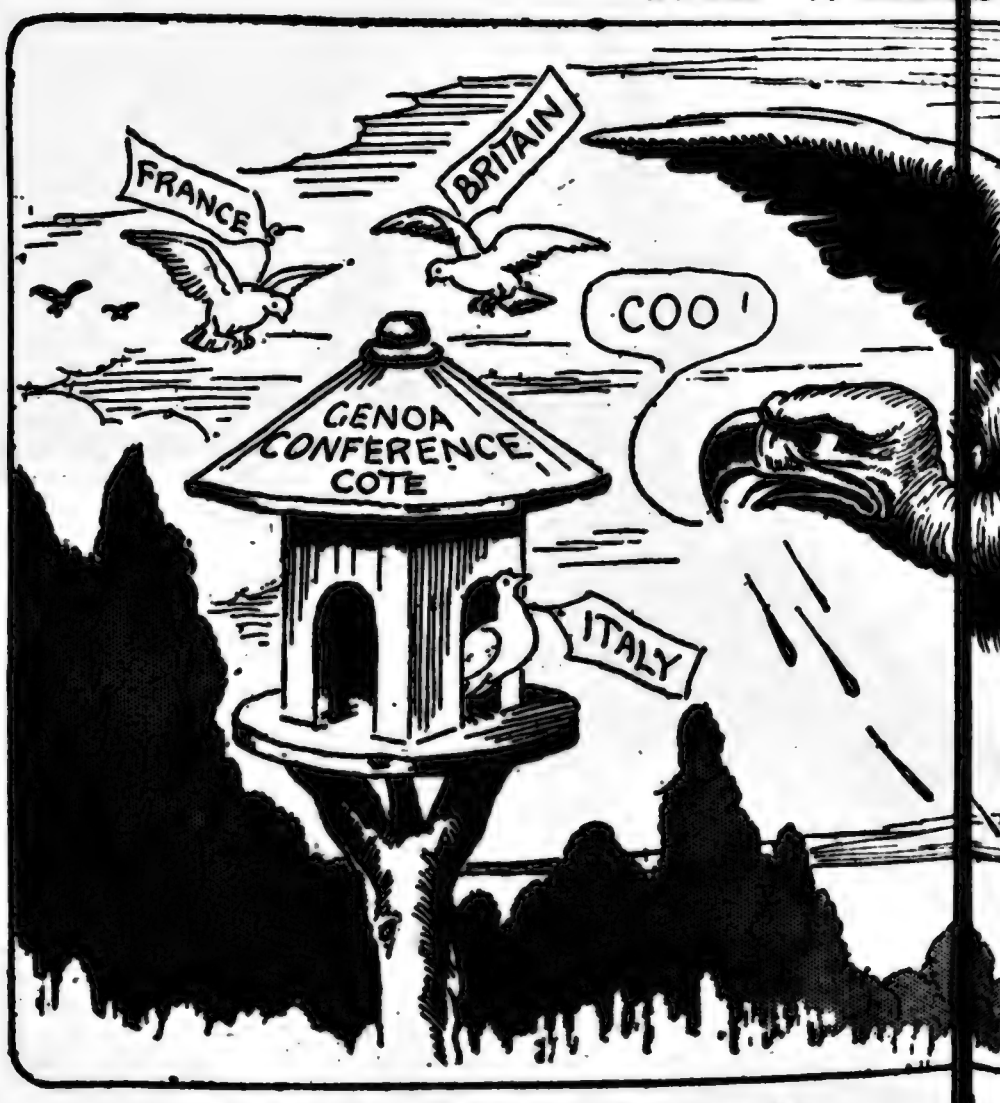
I can imagine no case better calculated to bring home to the minds of British men and women the horror and cruelty of the Russian regime than that of Mrs. Stan Harding, a British journalist who is seeking redress from the Soviet Government. In June, 1920, Mrs. Harding, a woman of culture and refinement, went to Russia, with a safe conduct from the authorities at Moscow, as Special Correspondent of the *New York Herald*. She was met on the frontier by two emissaries of the Russian Government, who escorted her to the capital, where without a word of warning she was arrested and flung into gaol. Next day a trumped up charge of espionage was lodged against Mrs. Harding, and for hours together in the dead of night, amid the black horrors of a Russian prison, she was subjected to an inquisition designed to wrench from her under torture the false admission that she was a member of the British Secret Service. With a nerve which the strongest man might have envied, this gentle lady withstood the effort to trap her to her doom, insisting that she had come to Russia simply as a journalist, and with no other intention than to tell the truth as to the conditions prevailing there—the very last thing that her vile accusers desired. Finally, without any form of trial, Mrs. Stan Harding was sentenced to death and condemned to solitary confinement in a narrow cell without light or ventilation and swarming with vermin. For five long months this delicate British lady endured these unspeakable horrors, at the same time having to submit to the most revolting indignities at the hands of her brutal Bolshevik warders, who delighted to wreak their filthy and savage spite upon a woman of the "bourgeois" class. Some of the experiences endured by Mrs. Harding are frankly unprintable. The less revolting details of her terrible ordeal have found expression in a Government White Paper, which summarises the results of Lord Curzon's weak and ineffectual effort to obtain for this unhappy woman the redress which justice and honour alike demand.

The Brutal Facts.

Very properly, Mrs. Harding is demanding £10,000 compensation from the Soviet Government. If her maltreatment had occurred in the days of Palmerston or Disraeli, when the voice of a British Prime Minister could make tyrants tremble the world over and "*Civis Britannicus sum*" was a boast worth making, she would probably have got it on the nail and a handsome apology into the bargain. Let me quote a sentence or two from the White Paper in which some part, although not the worst, of Mrs. Harding's experiences are described.

> On arriving at the Lubianka headquarters of the All-Russia Extraordinary Commission, she was placed in a guard-room, and stripped, the seams and hems of her clothes being opened and subjected to a search. She was then placed in a

THE WEEK'S



It passes comprehension quite.
When doves meet in their nest,

D GEORGE FORGETS.

of Mrs. Stan Harding—Premier to meet Criminals.

EDITOR

> solitary cell, containing a verminous plank bed without a chair. . . . The food provided daily was described by her as tea or coffee —she was not sure which it was meant to be—one pound of black bread and herring soup twice a day, which she described as simply hot water with herring-skins and eyes in it.

I have gathered the truth of the privations endured by this brave woman not only from official accounts and newspaper cuttings, but from her own lips, and it is a tale of horror that baffles one in the telling. For twenty-four hours of every day, without an instant's respite, she was kept under the close visual observation of her coarse Russian guards, the commonest demands of decency being shamefully and bestially ignored. As I say, a Palmerston or a Disraeli, a Gladstone or a Salisbury, would have made the world ring with the enormity of these vile outrages upon a British subject. What does Mr. Lloyd George propose to do? He will sit down with the friends of Lenin, at Genoa, and forget, if he can, that this British woman, and thousands as innocent as she, have been maimed in mind and body, in countless instances slaughtered in cold blood, to make a Soviet holiday!

A Righteous Protest.

One politician has had the courage to speak out in no uncertain tones upon this matter, and although I do not always see eye to eye with Lord Robert Cecil, I commend the candour of his recent letter to the *Times* upon the case of Mrs. Stan Harding. "It is greatly to be hoped," says Lord Robert, "that the Foreign Office will exhaust every means of diplomatic pressure in the attempt to secure justice for a British citizen." Greatly to be hoped that they will—greatly to be feared that they won't. We know our Foreign Office and its ways, and unless I am mistaken it will take something more than the ladylike manners of Lord Curzon to extract so much as an apology—to say nothing of compensation—from the bloodthirsty reprobates of Moscow. One thing, however, the British Government can and should do, and that is to hold these degenerates at arm's length, not merely till they have recompensed Mrs. Harding, but until they evince some elementary sense of decency in their dealings with the rest of mankind. Let not the British Labour Party delude themselves into the belief that only the hated "Capitalist" is the object of Bolshevik hate. Not long ago there was published an account of the treatment of the Russian Social Democrats by the legionaries of Lenin. Thirty-five of them had been exiled to Turkestan, where they were placed under the control of an inhuman monster who has well earned the sobriquet of "Bloodhound Peters." In a protest from the group of Russian Social Democrats in London it is stated:—

> The women prisoners were also treated in the most horrible way. Half naked, they were driven down the stairs and beaten by the soldiers with butt ends and insulted. . . . On June 26th, 1921, the Socialists and Anarchists imprisoned in the Orel prison went on hunger-strike as a protest against the appalling conditions in which they were placed. On the eighth day of the strike only twelve prisoners were still able to move about, whereas the life of many of the other prisoners was in great danger. . . . Unable tostand the sufferings any longer, two of the women prisoners attempted to commit suicide. They set fire to the mattress on which they were sitting, and were later taken out half burned.

It should be emphasised that these unfortunate people were not reactionaries or Monarchists, but, as the report states, Socialists and Anarchists. The plain inference is that if ever the Red International were established in Great Britain, there would be short shrift for those members of the Labour Party who were not prepared to become the pliant instruments of its will. Throughout her career, Mrs. Stan Harding had been known as a woman of wide sympathies, not unfriendly towards Socialism, and inspired by an eager zeal for the uplifting of the masses. Yet no sooner had she crossed the Russian frontier than on a trumped-up charge, which the Soviet authorities have since admitted to have been false, she was flung into gaol, and doomed to die. Before he makes terms with this foul conspiracy against human liberty, Mr. Lloyd George should think again. Even if the excesses of Limehouse have a sneaking affinity with the theories of Lenin, a saner democracy should shrink from contact with the agents of Russian misrule.

Hang Genoa!

In any event, the level-headed mass of British citizens are sick and tired of these Conferences; the long series of which, extending from Versailles to Cannes, has had no appreciable effect in restoring the peace and stability of Europe. In the earlier cases there was some pretext of a decent motive, but it is obvious that the main purpose of the Genoa meeting is to kow-tow to the Moscow Government, with the ostensible object of improving trade relations between the two countries. On this point, I need only say that we have already a trade agreement with the Soviet Government—and much good it has done us, to judge by the latest Returns! The plain logic of the situation is that the Bolsheviks have made a wilderness of Russia, and the legend of the trade we might do with her, if the relations of the two countries were put on a regular footing, is a mere pretence to cover the shame of a squalid political deal. The normal avenues of British trade are with the British Dominions, with the United States of America, and with Western Europe, and for years to come the volume of our commercial intercourse with Russia is likely to be negligible. It will be a tragedy if we are induced to sell those principles of liberty and justice which in the past have governed Britain's foreign policy for such a sorry mess of pottage. Let it be impressed once for all upon the Moscow tyrants that before decent people can hold converse with them they must set their house in order. Men adjudged before the world as murderers are no fit colleagues in conference for the Prime Minister of a nation famed through the ages as the champion of the free.

S CARTOON.

That they should foolishly invite
The vulture as a guest.

SPORT AND SPORTSMEN: GLEANINGS FROM TRACK, FIELD, ROAD AND RING.

By "The Wayfarer."

"J. W. H. T." Fit Again.

I hear that J. W. H. T. Douglas has greatly benefited by an operation he underwent during the winter, and the fact that he has taken up active football with a local club in Essex is evidence of it. Not many people were aware that last summer he was worried by a troublesome complaint which must have greatly affected his cricket. J. W. H. T. has won fame as a cricketer and boxer, and he is no mean footballer. If he had had time and opportunity to take up other branches of sport, he would have been another C. B. Fry.

Tip for F.A. Cup Final.

Here is a tip for the F.A. Cup Final. Since 1894, only one team which has won a Cup semi-final at Sheffield has failed to crown its success. The one exception is West Bromwich Albion—poor Jessa Pennington!—who beat Blackburn Rovers at Hillsborough in 1912, and were beaten in the final. But as the final that year was re-played at Sheffield (Bramall Lane), and the winners were Barnsley, a Yorkshire club, the circumstances can be held to cancel the exception.

Polo with a Billiards Ball.

There was bound to be a controversy over that great Irish sportsman, James Davidson, whose death has revived the claim that he introduced polo to Great Britain. Personally I believe that he did—through his enthusiasm in India, which affected the regimental officers at Calcutta. It is a pretty story, though, that three officers on ponies, three hockey sticks and a billiards ball were the beginning of the game at Aldershot somewhere about 1869. But you might just as well say cricket had its origin in a couple of urchins, a rag ball and a lamp-post.

The Boat Race.

As I suggested last week regarding the Boat Race, I do not like the repetition of the trouble J. W. H. Freemantle, in the Cambridge boat, is having with his wrist. A good deal may depend on the luck of the toss on Saturday, but, barring accidents, I expect a very keen and close contest with, as last year, the superior finishing power of Cambridge and the magnificent judgment of "Stroke" Hartley proving the deciding factors.

New Sporting Weekly.

I have just seen an advance copy of the first number of the *Sports Pictorial*, a new twopenny weekly exclusively devoted to sporting men and matters and illustrations, and I can unhesitatingly say that if the high standard of all-round excellence shown in No. 1 is maintained in subsequent issues—and I am told it will be greatly improved upon—the success of the new venture is assured. The illustrations are topical and beautifully printed, a remark which also applies to the letterpress. Friday, March 31st, is the date of publication, and I strongly advise my readers to sample it. If they do, they will "come again."

Corinthians Break Cover.

Everybody will be glad to see that the Corinthians have entered the F.A. Cup Competition next season. It was always a pity, to my mind, that the greatest English amateur club of the day should be debarred, by its own rules, from taking part in this absorbing tournament.

More Horses to Follow.

Some smart two-year-olds were seen out at Lincoln last week, and judging by the form displayed, three I have picked out for inclusion in my list of horses to follow should not be long in winning races. These are:—St. Olive C., Gammadion and Sunshot F. The amended list is now as follows:—

Bucks.	Lord of Burghley.
Flamboyant.	Lembach.
Gammadion.	Leighton.
Hong Kong.	Linby.
Hopeful Bachelor.	Pharmacie.
Polygrom.	Polydipsia.
St. Olive C.	Sunshot F.
William Tell.	

New Bets by Cheque Bill?

Now that the Home Secretary has stated that the Government would offer no opposition to an agreed Bill for the removal of the present conditions under which a punter or bookmaker can recover betting debts paid by cheque, there is every hope that we shall soon see the last of the 1835 Betting Act. Not before time, either.

The Rival 'Varsity Strokes.

Mr. James White's "Retirement."

During the latter part of last season when Mr. James White scratched a dozen of his horses from all remaining engagements, the pessimists freely stated that he intended retiring from racing. The fact was that there had been coughing in the stable, and later Granely and other horses were sent to Lambourn to be trained by Cottrill. Cottrill has now got the horses back to fine form. Before he sent out Granely to canter home in the Lincolnshire, he won races at the meeting with Sanhedrim and Norseman.

The Lincolnshire Bogey.

Whatever happens to Soranus during his future career, he has certainly proved a big bogey in connection with two Lincolnshire Handicaps. Last year, when the Newmarket touts said he was crocked, he was knocked out to 33 to 1, and he slammed the field in great style. On the eve of last week's big race, when "he was never better in his life," and well fancied to win, the horse raps a fetlock and has to be scratched. No doubt his backers wish he'd broken his neck—a month ago!

Higgins Resigns his Title.

Jim Higgins had a meteoric rise to fame, as the bantam-weight champion and the winner outright of a Lonsdale belt. But he has now succumbed to the weight difficulty, which began to trouble him some months ago. Perhaps now we shall see him, in due course, going up to the feathers; and meanwhile George MacKenzie, of Leith, and Mog Pugh, of Aberavon, a renatural contenders for Higgins' title.

The Beckett-Cook Disappointment.

George Cook was twice disappointed during his preparations before meeting Carpentier, and disappointed in such a way that he did not know what was going to happen. He had to rely on the papers for all news of his opponent. Now he has had to break training once more because Beckett caught the 'flu. But Beckett was equally the victim of misfortune, and his action during the first days of his illness was proof of the sincerity of his desire to carry out his contract. The contest, now fixed for April 10th, will lose nothing in interest by what has happened.

Major Wilson's *Faux Pas*.

Major Wilson made a bad move when he permitted all the cheaper seats for the Carpentier-Lewis fight to be sold before any public announcement was made—and it was almost adding insult to injury to advertise the prices of the seats that had gone, and say there were none left. If the promoter of the next big contest is wise, he will announce that tickets will be on sale on a certain day, sell none beforehand, and treat every application in strict rotation.

A Mixed Bag.

It would not be surprising if Dickson, the Aston Villa centre forward, were chosen in place of Andrew Wilson to lead the Scottish attack against England next week, especially as the match will be played on the Villa ground.

France, Belgium and Norway, for different reasons, have now refused to have F.A. teams on tour. And at Russell Square the smile gets broader every time!

The Billiards Association and Control Club has split on the question of the amateur definition. May the gods protect us from a return to the chaos of two "controlling" bodies!

Silver Thistle, who beat Front Line at Lincoln, is a racing bargain one seldom hears of. The horse cost Mr. M. Bell 11 guineas, and he has now won three races worth £495.

Steve Donoghue helped himself to six winners at Lincoln, including the big winner, Granely. Donoghue is now riding as a free lance, and can pick and choose his mounts to his own liking.

All queries relating to sporting matters dealt with on this page should be addressed to the Editor of "Sporting Life," 27, St. Bride Street, E.C. 4, in which paper answers will be given.

BOAT RACE
BEST REPORT AND CRITICISM IN
The Sporting Life
THE AUTHORITY ON ALL SPORTS.
Daily - 2d.

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THE NATION'S NEED

Every Nerve Sufferer will be vitally interested in a Product which is taking the place of ordinary Nerve Tonics, Medicines and Stimulants.

When health breaks down beneath the Strain of War, Anxiety, or Overwork, and the sure signs of Nerve Exhaustion, such as Sleeplessness, Depression, Loss of Energy, Brain Fag, General Debility, etc., manifest themselves, the popular tendency is to fly to some drug or so-called "tonic" or stimulant. To do so is futile and often very harmful, for the Nervous System requires Nourishment and Strength not Stimulation. A little reflection will convince the reader of the logic and common sense of this statement.

10,000 Packages for Distribution

The primary trouble in all phases of Nerve Exhaustion is starvation of the Nerve Cells, the reason being that the sufferer fails to extract from his daily food the precious concentrated nutrient the Nerve Cells live and thrive upon. No medicine or tonic or stimulant can replace this lost nutritive substance, but by taking false remedies the nerve sufferer sometimes feels a temporary improvement or exhilaration which passes away, leaving him worse than before.

The main guiding principle of the modern preservation of health may be said "to prevent." It is far better to think in good time, "What CAN I do for my health?" than to one day have to say, "What MUST I do for my sickness?" While there is time it behoves you to put your bodily "house in order." Do not make the serious mistake of waiting until illness is knocking at the door with all the signs of a complete nervous breakdown. The following are some of the many symptoms of weakened or starved nerves, and if you recognise yourself as being in this serious condition you can't do better than take a course of the Muller Nutrient.

1-Week Trial Supply 6d.

Insomnia, Irritability, Continual Headache, Neuralgia, Hysteria, Depression, Failing Memory, Troubled Dreams, Languor, etc., etc.

The Muller Nutrient is not a secret remedy nor a "cure-all," but a highly-concentrated Tonic, Nerve-cell Food, the composition of which is identical with the natural nutrient the Brain and Nerve Cells live upon.

The Muller Nutrient has marvellous reconstructive value in cases of mental and physical exhaustion and in convalescence after serious illness. The Muller Nutrient is essentially a Food—a very different thing to a mere drug or stimulant. It feeds the whole Nervous System with those vital elements the lack of which accounts for Neurasthenia.

This remarkable Preparation is assimilated in ONE HOUR, and quickly creates a feeling of new mental and physical vigour. It is followed by no reaction, as is the case with medicinal "Nerve Tonics," and the effects are LASTING.

Active brain-workers who frequently suffer from Weak Concentration, Defective Memory, Loss of Will Power, Distaste for continued Work, Brain Fag, Cloudy Thinking will find that Dr. Muller's Preparation will dispel these symptoms by nourishing the brain with the precious food substance it imperatively requires, thus renewing its mental freshness and vitality.

The Muller Laboratories have put aside 10,000 full-sized boxes of the Muller Nerve Nutrient for distribution amongst sufferers from any nervous ailment.

Each box contains sufficient to last for seven days. By writing for it to-day you can obtain the whole week's sample supply for 6 stamps.

You are asked to enclose 6 stamps only. That is all it costs you. In return the box of the Muller Nerve Nutrient will be sent you. It will enable you to commence to rebuild your nervous trouble, and make yourself strong and well and full of vitality, force and power.

With this week's trial course will be sent a presentation copy of Dr. Muller's Book on the Nervous System and its requirements for health. Published at 1s., this Book will also be sent you FREE.

This offer is only intended to be taken advantage of once, and only one trial supply can be sent to the same person.

Send us your full name and address, with six penny stamps, to 98, The Muller Laboratories, Ltd., Scientific Food Specialists, 144, Albany St., London, N.W., and the booklet and a package containing a seven days' Trial Supply of the Nutrient will be sent free in a plain sealed cover.

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THE MULLER NUTRIENT, a True Nerve Restorative, Free of Baneful Drugs, 3s. a box (5 boxes 12s.), of all good chemists. Superior to any Nerve Food in "powder" form.

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has had an unrivalled reputation all over the world for nearly 80 years.

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Full particulars can now be obtained by readers of a wonderful new method of restoring lost natural colour to the hair, moustache, or beard (discovered by a Paris physician now serving with the French Red X). Removes all signs of greyness in a few minutes. Easy and inexpensive. Restores original colour, is long lasting and undetectable. Reduces appearance of age 10 to 20 years. Restores exact shade of hair before it lost its colour. Does not "paint on," but colours each hair from the centre outwards. Washing the hair, perspiration, sun, wind, or rain causes no loss of the restored colour. Worth pounds to every man prematurely aged in appearance by white, grey, or going-grey hair.

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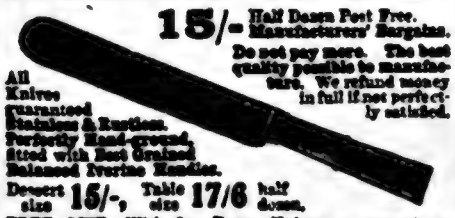

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"THANK YOU, MR. ATKINS"—AND YOU, JACK, TOO!

OUR PLEDGE.—"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged or unremedied."—
JOHN BULL, *19th August*, 1916.

Nelson's "Victory."—Not only naval men, but the general public as well, will welcome the decision of the Admiralty not to risk taking back the old ship *Victory* to her moorings. She is to be kept permanently in dry dock at Portsmouth. She shivers in her skin and has dry rot in her bones; but with a steel cradle round her she will keep her health for many years yet, and where she is will be more accessible to the public as a show ship than before.

Favouring Frills:—We are not amongst those who object to the employment of women in a clerical capacity in Government Departments, but we protest strongly against their being favoured to the disadvantage of male clerks who served in the war but to-day find themselves in positions subordinate to short-skirted and silk-stockinged flappers. The Inland Revenue Department seems to be one of the chief sinners in this connection—more's the shame.

In Memoriam:—How many of our readers fought the Bulgars, we wonder? All the British soldiers who fell fighting them are to have a monument to their memory—a great arch on Colonial Hill, Salonika, by the waters of Lake Doiran. We have not seen the design; but as it is by Sir Robert Lorimer, A.R.A., architect of the Imperial War Graves Commission, we have no doubt its realisation will be a structure of simple, impressive beauty.

The Graves of War.—By the way, the annual report of the War Graves Commission informs us that, although 619,000 British soldiers killed in the Great War have their known resting places, the enormous total of 400,000 bodies are still to seek—the bulk of them never, now, perhaps to find. They have gone West without a trace. Officially, they are simply "missing." Soldiers who have come through the war more or less whole know what that means. A man might be visibly alive one minute, the next there would be a crash, and he disappeared from the earth. The best solace to their relatives is to know that, in the words of the old song, "they rest in Old England's heart."

British Legion M.P.s.—Indefatigable in his regard for the British soldier as he knew them in war and as he finds them in peace, Earl Haig has inaugurated a Parliamentary branch of the British Legion. It will consist of all Members of Parliament and employees of the Houses of Parliament who were comrades under him, whatever their rank or whatever the capacity in which they served. The idea is an excellent one, for the branch will be really a group of ex-soldiers constantly on guard in Lords and Commons in the interests of their fellows.

Whitehall Profiteers:—As the War Office is now making much money out of the commercial people who advertise in the Army List, perhaps they will reduce the price of the book to the pre-war humble shilling. At the height of hostilities it was 1s. 6d., though then three times as bulky as the present volume and the expenses of production were much greater. Yet the cost of the current volume is 5s. We cannot trace any instance of profiteering greater than this.

We, Too:—The King's Royal Rifles at Quetta tell us that they are "trying to solve the ever-difficult problem of messing finance, which seems to be in a bit of a mess." We must confess that for years we have cudgelled our brains over the same subject. Without for a moment suggesting a stain on the K.R.R.s, we may say that many Quartermasters and Warrant Officers buy up corner pubs when they are discharged to civilian life.

Turned Adrift:—There is something very wrong in the way in which the Labour Ministry trains discharged men for useful occupations and then turns them adrift without hope of employment. At a coffee stall outside St. Pancras Station the other night a member of our staff came across a poor fellow who had spent a year at a well-known business college learning to be a clerk. For nearly twelve months he had been unable to get employment, and was waiting in the rain all night for the arrival of an early train, in the hope of getting a casual job leading a horse!

Wrong Selection:—In another case we know of the man was given a twelve-months' course in journalism at the University of London, and has been walking about in a ragged condition ever since, for the simple reason that he is no more fitted to be a journalist than he is to be Archbishop of Canterbury. Can't the Government do *anything* right?

The Right Sort:—The Marlborough Magistrates seem to be the right sort. When Charles W. Briant, a Shalbourne farmer, who appears to be of the other kind, endeavoured to obtain possession of a cottage occupied by Walter Gladstone, an ex-Service man, it was shown that right up to the time of receiving notice to quit the latter had paid more than his weekly rent in an attempt to clear off arrears, of which only £3 7s. remained outstanding. When the notice was served there was no fire in the grate, the family had gone dinnerless, and the wife was in a delicate condition. The Bench thereupon adjourned the case for two months to give the poor fellow a chance, as he had just got a job—an example other Magistrates would do well to follow.

"In Reply to Yours":—We are inundated with letters asking which corps are being disbanded under the Geddes recommendations. The answer is—all the Irish regiments, with the exception of some belonging to Ulster, the 3rd and 4th battalions of the Royal Fusiliers; the 3rd and 4th battalions Worcestershire Regiment; the 3rd and 4th battalions Middlesex Regiment; the 3rd and 4th King's Royal Rifles Corps; and 3rd and 4th battalions Rifle Brigade. And that's that!

But Why?—During the war our Government learned that it was possible to raise many regiments among the hosts of young and old Britons with a thirst for military service, and at a pinch to issue a Conscription Act without fomenting a revolution. That's the secret. Scrap the best part of the Army, and later on if we have a row in hand we will ring the tocsin, and the citizens will rush to arms as of old! There will, of course, be a large saving of public funds, which is the consideration of the moment.

"Spittle and Polish":—In the tropics and sub-tropics the wearing of a "cholera belt" often means the difference between life and death. Yet we hear of a Colonel in Alexandria who has forbidden the use of the belts in his command, as he considers that they prevent the tunic fitting nicely! One poor private who had worn the appliance for eight years by doctor's orders was "crimed" for not discarding it, and got five days' C.B. If the War Council wish for particulars, they may apply to us.

The Flying Juveniles:—Once again a budget of grouses from the junior members of the R.A.F.—this time from the Cranwell Station. Youngsters of 18 years in the force are supposed to be allowed to smoke "fags" and to have men's pay and privileges, but the regulation seems to be in abeyance at Cranwell, where the "boys" between 18 and 19 are compelled to be in bed at 9.30 p.m. We wonder if the O.C. puts his juvenile offenders over his knee and administers corporal punishment with his slipper. We ask the Air Ministry, having regard to the other complaints we have received in connection with this camp, to hold an inquiry.

Our Daily "Thank You":—From J.W., Nottingham: "I send my greatest thanks to you for the great help you have given me in obtaining £50 grant from the Civil Liabilities Department. When I called at the office I produced your letter, and was told that my grant was through. You can understand how I felt. I knew JOHN BULL would do it for me. Thanking you again for your great kindness."

Your Easter Gift from "John Bull"

"JOHN BULL" readers should remember that our Easter Gift Offer of a Coupon, value One Shilling, which will be accepted in part payment of any of the "JOHN BULL" Pen Models here listed, expires on April 15th, 1922. No time should be lost in taking advantage of this very liberal offer.

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The Best of all Salines for Liver, Kidney or Rheumatic Disorders, etc., etc.

The Bath Preparation Par Excellence, cures Corns and all Foot Troubles permanently, stops Rheumatic or other aches and pains within ten minutes.

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F. CURRELL	T. LEA
A. RILEY	E. MORSE (Trainer).

NOTE:—The above are brief extracts from letters written us by the above teams and signed by all members thereof. Originals open to inspection at our offices. We regret that lack of space prevents their publication in full.

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The dose. Less than half of what you have been accustomed to take of ordinary salines.

The taste is pleasant; children cry for it. It makes a sparkling effervescent draught.

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The price. Only 3/3 a large bottle. Enough to last the whole family for weeks.

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Dissolve this in plain hot water and you will have an exact reproduction of the highly mediated and oxygenated curative bathing waters found at celebrated Continental and other springs and spas.

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The above preparations can be obtained from any chemist. Complete satisfaction is guaranteed every user, or MONEY BACK IN FULL IMMEDIATELY AND WITHOUT QUESTION.

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EASY TERMS & REALLY GOOD TAILORING

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Smart and serviceable cloths, perfectly cut, excellently made and carefully finished.

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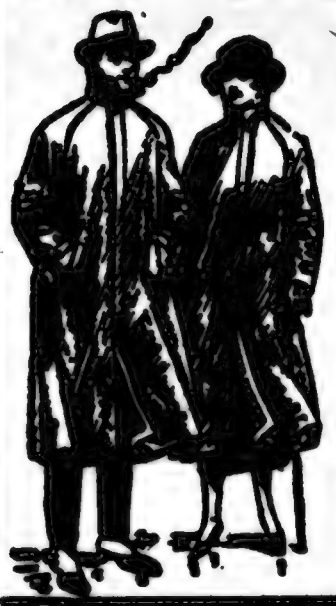

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OBTAINABLE AT 20,000 DEALERS AT

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IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

MR. GEORGE JOSEPH JONES.

(Our Tame Barber this week handles the principal figure in the recent cause célebre known as the "Kissing Case.")

'OO' mornin', sir. Come right in. You've copped me alone fer once, so I can attend ter yer straight away. Cawn't exackly say "*Goo'* mornin'" with the snow a-fallin' like this, but you'll find it nice an' cosy in 'ere. *'Air cut?* Suttinly, sir. Well, wot d'yer think o' this, sir? Spring is a-comin' in, as the ole poit bloke sed. It is comin' in a bit draughty, though, ain't it? Jes' arf a mo', sir. I'll turn on a bit more light, so as ter make it a bit more cheerful, like. Wot's that? *Turn the ole dam' lot on?* W'y, yessir, if yer likes it. Anythink to oblige. *Wot am I larfing at?* No offence, I 'ope, sir, but I was jes' thinkin' of that bloke wot went into a room at University Collidge in the dark with a girl after a dawnce. 'E didn't want no light on, did 'e?

* * *

Very natcheral, I says. In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns ter thoughts o' luv, an' 'e don't always want ter be in the limelight when 'e's doin' a bit o' canoodlin' with a nice little piece, do 'e? Didn't 'e cop out over it, though! My word, not arf! I reckon the mistake 'e made was in not pickin' out the right bit o' stuff. *'Ow was 'e ter know?* That's jest it, sir, 'e didn't know. I don't see 'ow 'e could 'ave known, from wot I can make of it. 'E'd bin dawncin' with the girl—an', yer know, you 'olds 'em pretty tight nowadays—and the Springtime got in' is blood, and the scent of 'er 'air intoxicated 'im, like in them books by Ethel M. Dell. She didn't seem ter mind when 'e suggested sittin' it out fer a bit—p'raps she was feelin' a bit tired 'erself—an' she didn't raise no objeckshun when 'e found a nice quiet spot. So in they goes, an' she didn't seem ter notice that 'e'd forgot ter turn on the light. Leastways, I don't read as 'ow she mentioned it.

* * *

Lumme, I can jest pickcher 'em. They sits down close together and starts torkin' about 'ats or somethink, you bet. An' then 'is arm goes round 'er, an' 'e gives 'er a kiss. She says, "Oh, you shouldn't ha' done that!" like they all does, so 'e torks about 'ats agen fer a bit. Then 'e arsks 'er if he can do it agen, and she says "No, suttinly not!" Well, when I was 'is age, I wouldn't mind bettin' I'd ha' done it agen an' chawnced it, but 'im, bein' a perfick gentleman, jes' says, "Sorry!" an' takes 'er back to the ballroom. Well, wot's there in all that fer a girl ter make a fuss about? *Nuthin' at all!* Quite right, sir, I agrees with yer. Yet the girl goes an' reports 'im to the 'ead bloke, an' 'e loses is job over it. Well, I don't reckon 'e's lost much. 'E'll be better off out of a sneaky crowd like that. Wot's that, sir. *'E is better off already? Got a better job?* 'Ow do you know, sir? *You're Mr. Jones hisself!* There now, I thought you 'ad a nice face when you come in. Well, good luck, sir. I don't think no worse of yer, I give yer my word. An I 'ope as 'ow nex' time you goes to a dawnce you meets with a more sporty sort o' girl. Thank you kindly, sir. It's brightened up a bit now, ain't it. *Goo'* mornin'!

FOOTBALL COMPETITION No. 23 RESULT.

The following 14 competitors each sent a correct forecast of the ten matches played on March 18th and, therefore, divide the prize of £1,000, each receiving £71 8s. 7d.:—

ASHURST, F., 28, Water Lane Street, Radcliffe.
BUTCHER, Miss B., 26, Aitken Street, Levenshulme.
COLLARD, G., 5, Kingsdown Road, Holloway, N.19.
GREEN, Miss FREDA, 214, Walworth Road, S.E.17.
HARPER, H., 26, Burnside Road, Chadwell Heath, Essex.
HAWKINS, P., 1A, Newman Road, Wincobank, Sheffield.
HAYCRAFT, W. P., East Howe, near Bournemouth.
HOLDER, F. W., c.o. 94, Courtney Street, Mansetton, Swansea.
HOWKINS, W. H., 103, St. George's Road, Coventry.
JACKSON, Miss C., 70, Queensboro Terrace, Bayswater.
JACKSON, F., c.o. The Washington Commercial Hotel, Hastings.
McGINTY, J., 223, Stockport Road, Gee Cross, Hyde.
MACKENZIE, D., 2, Lorne Terrace, Sunderland.
TREVELYAN, W., South View, Callington, Cornwall.

NEWS IN ADVERTISEMENTS.

The interesting letter which appears in the panel on page 3 shows that it "pays all round" to guarantee advertisements and to take only those which are reliable—the reader gets value, the advertiser obtains results, and JOHN BULL secures more advertising in consequence. We thank Messrs. Barry for a statement which is as much a tribute to themselves as to us.

Another consistent advertiser in JOHN BULL is the Sartor Company, who sell splendid raincoats for 20s.

Messrs. Curzon Brothers offer three excellent bargains—a tweed sports jacket for £1; mackintosh trench coat for £1; and flannel trousers for 10s.

Bolsom Brothers give special bargains in underwear and boots; these goods are really excellent value.

The Shaw Institute send a free brochure on their Home Study course.

The 'Spurs, Aston Villa, and the "Wanderers" figure in an attractive advertisement of Saltrates.

Louise Heilgers, the well-known author-journalist, makes an interesting announcement, and offers a free book on writing as an art, hobby or profession.

The "Small Ads. Worth Watching" are on page 17, and the Guarantee is on page iii. of cover.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.)

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

The Change:—Before the war a reader was in good circumstances. Then came the joining-up and the fighting of the good fight. On his return from the field he was refused his pre-war job. Now he is down and out, with his wife and child, and until he came to us was under threat of eviction.

A Sad Case:—Returned from the war with shrapnel souvenirs in his back, an ex-soldier is fit only for light work, which he cannot get. His pension is 11s. weekly. His wife worked and bravely struggled to keep the family, including three little children. Now consumption has claimed her and she cannot toil.

On His Feet Again:—An ex-Tommy had to give up his work some months ago owing to illness. To keep the wolf from the door he pawned his tools and clothing. Having been given a promise of good employment, he asked us to redeem the articles, and, his credentials being satisfactory, we did so.

The Day's Work:—Daily we have sent money to bury the dead and to help accouchement cases. We have also distributed clothing for the naked, but regret that our stock of apparel is now exhausted. Again we appeal to our friends who have garments—particularly for babies—to spare.

THE COLD ROAD.

It is not only those who earn their living by manual labour or mechanical skill who are suffering from the present trade depression and consequent lack of employment. We should spare a little of our sympathy for the black-coated brigade who have been so hard hit by the aftermath of war. Unlike men trained to a trade, who have powerful Unions working in their interests, they are in the majority of cases not eligible for Unemployment Benefit under the Insurance Act, and when thrown out of occupation are reduced to a condition of pitiable helplessness, often to hunger and destitution. We recently had brought to our notice the case of an ex-officer with a wife and baby boy. He is a man of considerable accomplishments, able to speak several languages, and his record both in civil life and in the Army is without blemish. After demobilisation he secured a post as traveller for an American firm, but slackness of trade soon closed this to him. In spite of his high qualifications and excellent testimonials no one seemed to have any immediate use for his services. He received offers of employment from America, but was of course quite unable to get there.

TURNED INTO THE STREET.

Everything that could be sold or pawned went to pay the rent and buy food, but at last there came a day when the money for the rent could not be found, and the little family was turned into the street to starve. This was their deplorable condition when the matter was brought to our notice. The case was strongly recommended by the Vicar of the Parish, and we gladly relieved the most pressing necessities.

MORE CASES HELPED.

Then and Now:—A young fellow had just got married when the war started, but he heard the drums, joined up, and went out to the front. Now he is back—has, in fact, been back for a long time. But he has had only occasional casual work, and to-day, with a wage of £1 a week, he is faced with the problem of supporting his wife and an ailing aged mother.

Kismet:—A widow who had been ill for some time was in financial distress and was on her way to borrow money when she slipped on the stairs and broke her artificial leg. Like so many others, she thought of our fund and applied to us—and not in vain.

Jack's Trouble:—An ex-bluejacket is now a fisherman; but the recent boisterous weather caused his master's boat to be laid up. He has a large family and no means at present. Two of his children were ill.

WITH MANY THANKS.

R. M. (Jersey), £1 10s.; M. F. H. (Liscard), £1; H. C. C. (Renfrewshire), £1 1s.; "Balbriggan," 10s.; "A Bush Woman," 10s.; J. F. M. (Devon), 10s.; Mrs. M. E. (Hardy), 10s.; A. W. A. (Canada) 2 dollars; Mrs. E. B. (Northants), 5s.; H. G. McW. (Dorset), 5s.; Mrs. J. H. (Walleey), 5s.; E. B. (Byfield), 5s.; T. H. B. (Transvaal), 4s. 3d.; G. M., 2s.; M. A. S. (Wrexham), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. T. C. (Brightlingsea), 2s. 6d.; "Coco," 2s. 6d.; T. J. S. (Plymouth), 2s. 10d.; "Greatly Encouraged," 2s. 6d.; J. W. K., 1s. 5d.; C. H. B. (Orkney Isles), 2s.; W. M. (Hammersmith), 2s.; E. M. (Heathfield), 2s.; M. D. (Greenhill), 1s. 6d.; "A Friend," 1s.; L. B. (Highgate), 1s.; "Friend," 6d.; L. M. (Burnley), 6d.; "John Bull and his Dog," 1 dollar; "Sailor's Lass," 2s. 6d.; "A Friend" (Stranraer), 2s.; C. H. E. (Newark), 2s.; E. B. (Kearsney), 2s. 6d.; T. S. I. L. (Halton), 1s.; W. O., 1s.; Mrs. G. F. (Pelton), 2s.; W. G. B. (Kingston-on-Thames), 2s. 6d.; J. D. (Yorkshire), 10s.; Anon (Stepney), 4s.

WHAT HAVE YOU GIVEN?

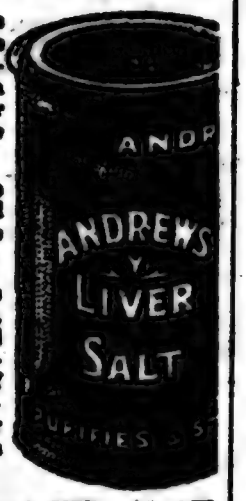
Why pay Fire Insurance Premiums? Accept our FREE Fire Insurance offer on page 20.

Andrews' has the largest Sale of any Saline in the U.K.

Andrews' has won its envied place as the Nation's Health Safeguard *because* it is a reliable corrective for *each* member of the Family.

It is good for children as well as grown ups, and the little ones *like* its pleasant sparkle.

For banishing Life's little Ills as they arise, in Father, Mother, and the Children, a teaspoonful in a glass of water is *very* efficacious Andrews' Liver Salt quickly restores the normal tone.



10d. *USUAL (6-oz.) SIZE.* *FAMILY (8-oz.) SIZE* **1/5**

Sold by Chemists, Grocers, and Stores throughout Great Britain & Ireland. Trade enquiries should be directed to:

SCOTT and TURNER, Ltd., Manufacturers, Gallowgate, NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

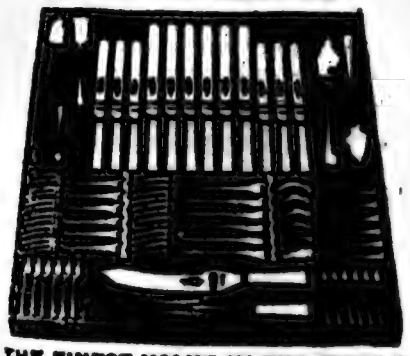
Save your Andrews' Lids

Up to April 29th, you can exchange, *free of any charge*, Lids from 12 small or 6 large Tins of Andrews' Liver Salt for the Andrews' combined Tooth Brush, Lid-opener, etc.; or for the Andrews' Nickel-plated Pencil Case; or for the Andrews' Style Fountain Pen.

Send Lids, with your name and address distinctly written, on or before April 29th next, indicating which of the three Gifts you need, to Scott & Turner, Ltd., Manufacturers, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

GRAVES

STAINLESS CUTLERY SERVICE



THE FINEST VALUE IN THE WORLD

The Graves Service of Stainless Cutlery and superfine Table Plate is of unrivalled excellence & by far the most attractive Stainless Cutlery Offer that has ever been made.

DELIVERED Carriage Paid to approved orders for 7/6 with order. Balance in 11 monthly instalments of 7/6 if satisfied. Money refunded in full if you are at all disappointed.

7/6 with order

90/-

Service Comprises:

6 Carvers 6 Table Spoons
6 Fine Knives 1 Jam Spoon
6 Table Forks 1 Salt Spoon
6 Dessert Knives 1 Sugar Spoon
6 Dessert Forks 1 or Sugar Tongs
6 Dessert Spoons Price
6 Tea Spoons without case
6 Egg Spoons

The KNIVES are of 'Enterprise' Brand Stainless Steel with beautifully grained Ivorette handles. Carver Blade of 'Enterprise' Brand Stainless Steel 9in long, carved. Forks & Spoons are Colombian Silver which bears a polish indistinguishable from sterling silver. White all through. Lasts a lifetime.

CATALOGUE of famous Sheffield Cutlery (Stainless Specialities &c.) Post Free. Easy Terms.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

6/- *per line.* *Minimum 3 lines.*

BEST and Cheapest Wholesale Stores for Shopkeepers and beginners. Remnants, Drapery, Readymades, Travellers' Samples, Catalogue and Guide free.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Victoria Bridge, Manchester. Write to-day.

VIOLIN, BOW AND CASE, 35/-. Exceptional value. Unobtainable elsewhere. Catalogue for P.C.—Willmott, 359, Caledonian Road, N.1.

CHEAP ARTISTIC PRINTING.—Billheads from 6/- 1,000; Handbills, Memos, etc. Samples free.—Ivanhoe Press, Dept. E., Saltburn-by-Sea.

TOOLS! at genuine Bargain Prices. Send today for list No. 22/2, post free.—George Adams, 255/6, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 50 provincial Newspapers for 7/10. London and suburban series same price.—Write for prospectus, Central Press Series (Dept. 601, 190, Strand, London, W.C.2.

£5 to £10 weekly can be easily earned for a small outlay of 30/-; no previous experience necessary.—Write for particulars to H. Lovaine (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, London.

GLOVE LEATHER.—Sale price, 2/9 skin. Suede Leather, 11d. ft. Send 2d. stamp for full set of patts.—Gait, Northampton.

"CATALOGUE, PLEASE."—This short message will secure for you a book that is a veritable Cycle Emporium—as interesting as your favourite book. "Captain" Cycles at staggering prices! Tyres! the value of which has "winded" many a firm. Brimful of bargains. Thousands of Cycle Accessories. Nothing overlooked to cut down unreasonable cycling expenses. Fitzpatrick Catalogue—a mighty fine production.—Just address, H. Fitzpatrick, Dept. 52, Burnley.

REAL Harris and Lewis Homespuns, direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free.—Harris Tweed Depot, James Street, Stornoway.

A GOOD SPARE-TIME AGENCY.—Applications invited from respectable working men in regular employment to supply Boots, Clothing, Drapery, Watches, Jewellery, Cutlery, Gramophones, cash or credit. No outlay. Liberal supply of samples. Highest commission.—Freemans, Govt. Contractors, Lavender Hill, London.

CHEAP PRINTING.—Billheads from 6/6: 1,000 Memos, 10/-; Handbills, 11/-. Samples free.—Winskill, Printer, Buxted, Sussex.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. SENT ON TRIAL. Catalogue free.—BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., Ltd. (1765D), 80, Chancery La., London, W.C.2.

ABANDON UNEMPLOYMENT, become a qualified Motor Driver. Official Certificate for 3 guineas. Pupils introduced to positions free.—Write or call, Secretary, British School of Motoring, Ltd., 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly, W.1.

STAMMERING.—The new discovery embodied in my successful instructing. Testimonial received from Eton, Rugby, Uppingham, Lancing and Christ's Hospital, Public Schools.—Mr. J. H. Miall, 6, Norris Street, Haymarket, London, S.W.1.

ALL Wool Tweed Suitings, 54 in. wide, 5/9 per yd.; Indigo Serges, 58 in. wide, from 7/- to 14/4. Any length cut. Patts free.—Worsted Mfg. Co. (A.), 81, Exchange, Huddersfield.

ADVERTISE NOW.—Two lines (14 words), once, 50 provincial Papers, 5/6. List free.—Fuller, Ltd., 1, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

£3 PER WEEK can be earned selling useful Novelty. Send 2/- for sample and particulars to Smith, 400, Borough Road, Birkenhead.

ALL WOOL Blankets, astounding bargain, 20/- per pair, carriage paid. Lindsay's, Thrums Warehouse, Kirriemuir.

£5 FOR A DAY'S WORK.—Double your income by a few hours' easy work. No risk. Small outlay.—Free book from Stanley J. B. Bruce, 192, Alexandra Road, London, N.W.8.

Age tints the hair with greyness, but with Royal Court Hair Dye you can restore and retain the youthful natural colour of your hair. Royal Court is the reliable Hair Dye—established thirty years—one solution only. It is a safe, effective and permanent preparation easy to apply, and leaves the hair glossy.

Every good chemist stocks it in seven different shades, three sizes 1/6, 2/6 and 4/-. If you have difficulty in obtaining it, simply remit 2/6 or 4/- and mention natural colour of your hair. (Sent in plain wrapper.)

The Royal Court Perfumery Co., 6a, Chapel Court, London, S.E.1.

Royal Court HAIR Dye

'How I Cured My Rheumatism'

A Wonderful South American Plant which made into a Beverage Drives Out Uric Acid Poisons.

THIS ANNOUNCEMENT is made specially to men and women who have tried numerous Rheumatic Cures without any benefit. I WANT YOU TO WRITE TO ME WHEN ALL SUCH REMEDIES HAVE FAILED. I am only an ordinary "business man"—not a vendor of patent medicines: and while I make no statement against other preparations, I assert from my own unique personal experience that the product I am offering you is a MOST EFFECTIVE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM. This remarkable remedy is a beverage from the leaf of a tropical plant called HERVEA, and it can be made in your own home just as easily as ordinary "tea." THE BENEFIT IS FELT AT ONCE, and continues more and more marked until a permanent cure is brought about. Suffice it to say it is bringing me in NUMEROUS ENDORSEMENTS DAILY.

FREE PACKET

SURE, QUICK & LASTING RELIEF

Take this drink (which is quite agreeable) in the morning, and it PREVENTS THE ACCUMULATION of further acid deposits in the system. This is what the whole category of Gout and Rheumatic Remedies fail to do, although they may relieve for the time being. It cured me in a few weeks after years of suffering, and it will cure you if you will give it *a fair trial.* If you care to send me your name and address and a stamp to cover postage, I will post you a testing package Free of Charge, and if you feel you are getting benefit, I will supply a further quantity at a small charge.

Address:

Mr. H. LEE, Colonial Importer (Dept. 41), 81, Lambs Conduit St., London, W.C.

N.B.—As the selling of this product is a side line, or rather my hobby, and distinct from my regular business, please mark your envelope "HERVEA" in the left-hand corner, and possible delay will be avoided.

Técla

7 Old Bond Street, LONDON
10 Rue de la Paix, PARIS
398 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK

GRAVES OF SHEFFIELD

Write for patterns, post free, of Overcoats, Suits, Costumes, Paletots, Raincoats, Mackintoshes, etc., or Catalogues of Footwear, Wool Scarfs, Drapery, Ladies' & Children's Clothing, Sheffield Cutlery, Gramophones and Records, Tea & Dinner Services, Bedsteads, Bedding, Sewing Machines, Cycles, Tyres, Carpets and Lino, Poultry & Appliances, etc. Grand values. EASY J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD TERMS

HOW I MADE £3,000 in two years with £5 to start.

With £5 and an idea this man made £1,000 in one year in the Mail Order Business. We will tell you how it was done. We will tell you what to do and how to do it. Let us start you in business. Stop being a wage slave and establish your own business supremacy NOW. We will send you FREE our brochure

BY POST TO PROSPERITY.

It tells you how you can start a spare-time business at home, points a quick certain way to a big income, and shows how £5 can be made a basis of independence.

CONVINCING TESTIMONY.

"I wish to say how thankful I am that I took your course of Mail Order. I only started five weeks ago, but results are so gratifying, and I feel so certain of success, that this morning I resigned my position with Messrs. —— in order to devote the whole of my time to the development of the business. My cash turnover has already been over £120."

SEND THIS COUPON

The first step is to cut out, fill in and post the Coupon. Only 1d. stamp required if envelope is unsealed. Do this NOW—while you think of it!

The Secretary,
No. 1, SHAW INSTITUTE,
1, Montague St.,
LONDON, W.C.1

To
The Secretary,
No. 1, Shaw Institute, 1, Montague St.,
London, W.C. 1.

Please send me FREE your Brochure 'By Post to Prosperity' and other literature on Mail Order Trading.

Name.....

J.B.1. Address.....

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[*The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous Correspondents.*]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies should be forwarded in the first instance. For a reply by post on personal subjects, a twopenny stamped envelope must be enclosed.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. No fee is charged in respect of enquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication, but as evidence of good faith.*

J. J. S. (Wandsworth, S.W.).—Your letter on the asylum treatment of ex-Service men makes painful reading. At least you will give us the credit of having consistently denounced this scandal.

"ONCE BIT."—"Can nothing be done to check the nefarious system of bogus advertisements?" The best plan we can think of, and have ourselves adopted, is to refuse to insert them.

"MOLLY T."—"Will you kindly let me know your height to settle a wager?" 5ft. 9½in. of nice comfy material.

T. D. (Appledore).—"I think, with the high cost of living, twopence is too much to pay for a paper." We agree that only JOHN BULL and about two others are worth it.

C. R. (Brentwood).—"Will you agitate to have Easter Day a fixed date like Christmas?" Not while there are so many more urgent matters demanding our attention.

"SWEET SEVENTEEN" (Halifax).—"One thing I admire about you is your colossal cheek." Thanks, but people still sweeter than you call it courage.

D. R. V. (Newhattle).—"Can you tell me the proportion of fair-haired women to dark-haired in this country?" As there are only three women in the world we ever permit ourselves to look at, we can be no authority on such a theme.

"OLD BEAN."—"Well, goodbye, and be as good as you can." Not quite as good as that, if you don't mind, or we should seem so horribly priggish.

"EX-TOMMY" (Portishead).—"Stick it, old chap, you're doing fine." So we think, but should blush to say so.

"CYMRIC" (Pottsville, U.S.A.).—"I have just finished reading your thorough and masterly treatment of William Randolph Hearst." And now, like Oliver Twist, you ask for more.

G. A. F. (Kennington, S.E.).—Our cartoonist is in receipt of your criticism of his drawing, thanks you for same, and suggests you go to blazes.

D. J. (Ebbw Vale).—You should not be cross with your little girl because she "failed in her examination." We failed in one once, and look at us now!

"ICENIENED" (Brussels).—Thanks for pointing out that, while our Tame Barber was giving Mr. Robert Williams a hair-cut, the artist showed him having a shave. It appears from enquiries made that our two contributors had had a slight tiff that week.

"SHORING SMITH" (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—"Pleased to see the articles on 'Roguery and Racing.'" Look out for more startling disclosures.

T. D. (Macclesfield).—"I have been told I have the coolest, cleverest head in England."—So have we, and the next minute have been touched for a fiver.

A. P. AND SISTERS (Barnwell).—Thanks so much for the nice box of violets. We wore a bunch all day for luck.

"THE THREE GRACES" (Brighton).—"Can you suggest any decent sporting way in which three charming girls can meet three charming boys?" If, living in Brighton, you are reduced to seeking our advice on such a subject, we fear you are past praying for.

C. T. C. (Kingsclere).—"I have written a cinema plot; what shall I do with it?" Submit it to one or two film companies, and if unsuccessful use it for fuel.

"MECHANIC" (Bridlington).—"Give all the workers good beer and they won't strike." We agree, as long as you don't mean us to pay for it.

MRS. M. (Nuneaton).—"My husband is carrying on with the girl next door." Serve him right if you left the salt out of his potatoes.

M. T. A. (Sittingbourne).—"I have a baby and find her expensive to keep." No doubt, but the worst godmother for an infant is Anti-Waste.

"NANNY GOAT" (Portsmouth).—Sorry to hear you have lost your sailor friend. Perhaps you were a little bit stiff in your manner.

"FED UP" (Hastings).—"There is a woman in this town whose one aim is to make mischief." If that is a back-handed allusion to your wife, as your letter suggests, we consider it most disgraceful.

"WORRIED" (Bradford).—"What would you do if you had a large family and nothing coming in except the measly dole?" Swear.

T. T. C. (Worthing).—Please send us no more improper letters. We blushed all over.

"REGULAR READER" (London).—By this time you have doubtless seen our recent "Bullets" announcement. So now all should be O K.

M. T. (Chelsea, S.W.).—"I haven't a friend in the world—will you speak up for me?" Certainly, if you'll bring along the party you want us to bawl at.

W. J. G. (Englefield).—"I am going to chance whether you will read this or not." You've clicked and we are stung.

K. S. T. (Stockport).—"I am looking for an irreproachable assistant, a non-smoker and a teetotaler." Then probably he will bite his finger nails.

W. F. S. (Tunbridge Wells).—"Not every man wants to sit in a stuffy tap-room mopping up beer." Quite so; some prefer to soak their bread in it.

P. T. C. (Margate).—"I have just returned from Rhineland." Sincere and heartfelt congratulations.

MRS. E. D. (Todmorden).—We note that your daughter has been in the habit of "writing a letter every week to a saint." Mind he's not a Mormon Elder.

M. N. (Wishaw, N.B.).—"Is there any real safeguard against premature burial?" Cremation is about the safest.

T. A. S. (Uttoxeter).—"I think doctors and lawyers only see one person at a time." That is so, when sober.

MISS C. N. (Purfleet).—Rather a natty idea of yours to turn to the wall the photographs of friends you have quarrelled with. Personally we should fling 'em in the dust-bin.

F. V. W. (Bristol).—"I should like this matter to come out in your paper next week." No doubt, but it would muck it up horribly.

"RAYTON" (Worcester).—"Could you suggest how I can make a little more money?" We cannot, unless you send the missus out to pinch an ex-Service man's job.

R. L. C. (Rugby).—"The price of milk has been reduced from 7d. to 8d. per quart." Very much like the reduction in the price of bread per quartern, isn't it?

"WELSHMAN" (Llandovery).—"Very few ex-soldiers go to church." No good blaming us for that.

R. T. R. (Goodmayes).—"Has the cheap jack auctioneer escaped your eagle eye?" Not at all, and upon many occasions he has felt the weight of our righteous displeasure.

E. T. S. (Netherton).—"Although I am one of the weaker sex, I enjoy reading your paper immensely." So do the ladies.

"DAVID."—"I am a mild-mannered man, but occasionally my blood boils over." Such a propensity must be the ruin of your trousers.

MRS. A. V. S. (Cheriton).—It was a touching thought of yours to send us a copy of the hymns you "sang last Sunday in church." We should love to hear you warble.

W. Y. (Ongar).—Since you ask us, we consider you are quite wise to sleep with your bedroom window open. Especially after a heavy night.

MRS. T. M. (Clitheroe).—"Since writing you last, all my burdens have been confirmed." Nice name for the poor kids!

"CATHOLIC" (Ripley).—We note that you recently addressed a congratulatory letter to the Pope of Rome. Bit unconventional, perhaps, but showed a nice feeling.

E. A. (Chiswick, W.).—We are not clear as to the identity of the "creature" you refer to, but commend your decision "not to take on her lying sister." Nor anyone else's, if you take our tip.

A. T. V. D. (Cambridge).—So glad you found a home for your goat. Trust the animal will act the goat in correct style.

T. A. (Bayswater, W.).—"I was so interested in my JOHN BULL last Wednesday that I went two stations past my destination." No great harm done, as long as the missus didn't get suspicious.

"HONEST JOHN" (Liverpool).—"In my opinion, it would be fairer to put a tax on water." Selfish creature!

MRS. A. A. (Ripon).—"Waste is always unscientific." It is evident from your letter that you, at any rate, like John Gilpin's wife, have a frugal mind.

"PASKY" (Hackney, E.).—So you think you have failed in the "Bullets" Competition because your entries were "too soft to enter a hard skull." Bit rude to both of us, don't you think?

T. R. (Chippenham).—"In Henry VIII's time skilled workmen's wages were a shilling a day." Perhaps so, but it bought more beer than it does in the twentieth century.

"KELSTON."—"When did taxi-cabs first come into public use?" So long ago that our lady secretary declines to assist our memory.

B. E. (Poole).—"Why is the House of Commons like a gasometer?" Why, now, we wonder.

"READER" (Edinburgh).—Your letter of abuse is in interesting contrast to the usual compliments. Nothing like variety, as the man said when he cuddled his grandmother.

E. C. (Plymouth).—We agree that as a general rule a girl should "go into lodgings at her own expense." Unless, of course, she first calls at the Registry Office.

"EDNA" (Buchan Hill).—"If I had a million pounds a year, how much should I get for one day?" £2,739 14s. 6½d. And blew the lot, in all likelihood.

"VERNON" (Morpeth).—"Are there wheels on an aeroplane or not?" There are, except on seaplanes, when floats are substituted.

W. T. A. (Felixstowe).—"The inventor always meets with a rebuff." Too often, we agree, although fortunately some of them have indiarubber constitutions.

C. T. (Treorchy).—"What religion is the people of Germany?" Most of them is heathens, sad to relate.

J. R. (London, W.).—"I am valet to a Duke's son, and so obtain from him much interesting matter." We presume he enjoys thirsty habits.

"CONTENTED" (Braintree).—"What is it that the working men of this country really want?" Solid comfort, liquid nourishment, and enough leisure to enjoy both.

"TOM" (Spalding).—"I am sixty-five so must begin to save up for my old age." Quite right, but don't spoil your youth.

"ALICE MARY."—"Children say they love our doctor so much they could kiss him." Very nice too, but you might warn them that ten to one he will smell of disinfectant.

"RUBE" (Tipton).—"When does a century start?" At the beginning, like years and months and other old things.

S. A. (Manchester).—"Is there any hope of getting the penny postage back again?" A slight hope, perhaps, if we wait long enough, but not enough to justify you in standing yourself an extra drink.

"KNOCK OUT" (Beverley).—"Boxing should be made compulsory at school." There is much to be said for the proposal, as the cook said to the policeman.

J. A. (Usk).—We note that the "squiffiness" of your letter is due to the fact that you are "practising writing with the left hand." But surely you are not obliged to hold the glass in your right.

MRS. F. (Newbiggin-by-Sea).—"I have read somewhere about 'hitching your waggon to a star.'" As a matter of fact, it was a chap called Emerson who let out the hint.

A. E. B. (Market Drayton).—Because your girl friend sings so divinely you should not talk of being "wafted to Paradise." Probably you'll get no farther than the altar steps.

"DOUBTER."—"Very few who have died come back to tell us the tale." Be careful, or you'll have Sherlock Holmes on your track.

R. A. A. (Melksham).—"It is nearly forty years since we were at school." Speak for yourself, dear lady.

"ANDANTE."—"I have had a dream which God interpreted to me." Then why worry us?

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

Out next Friday No. 1 of the SPORTS PICTORIAL. Order Now.

THE RELEASE OF THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT'S ENTIRE SURPLUS STOCK OF NEW MEN'S WOOLLEN UNDERWEAR

5/- PER GARMENT

THE GREATEST TRANSACTION IN MEN'S WOOLLEN UNDERWEAR EVER MADE. HAS already been the means of supplying over 500,000 customers with the world's finest underwear at one third the actual cost of production.

THE entire British Government Surplus Stock of Men's Woollen Vests and Pants, comprising nearly 2,000,000 GARMENTS was acquired for direct disposal to the public by BOLSOM BROS., of the Strand, the first to fight against high prices in March, 1920, when they lowered the cost of footwear by half.

THIS, THEREFORE, IS THE GREATEST OPPORTUNITY EVER GIVEN FOR MEN IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE TO OBTAIN AT A PRICE FAR BELOW THE ACTUAL COST, THE MOST RELIABLE UNDERWEAR EVER PRODUCED.

EVERY garment was made to specification by the most important British manufacturers, each was passed as perfect by Government experts and stamped with the manufacturer's name and date.

THESE garments were specially manufactured for British Naval and Military Officers and Men—to withstand the rigours of the severest Winter Campaigns, but they are identical in pattern with Civilian garments now sold in the best stores at prices usually far beyond the ordinary man's pocket.

THEY are equally suitable for the City and professional men, motorists, farmers, railwaymen, postmen, policemen, miners, mechanics, engineers, manual workers, and, in fact, for all men in every station in life requiring the most reliable underwear.

WOOLLEN VESTS

All have long sleeves, as illustrated. Supplied in three sizes: Small, Medium, or Large. In light, medium, or heavy weights. EACH **5/-**

WOOLLEN PANTS

to ankle. Supplied in three sizes: Small, Medium or Large. In light, medium, or heavy weights. EACH **5/-**

TO PLACE THEM WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL, BOLSOM BROS. ARE OFFERING THIS UNDERWEAR AT THE ONE STANDARD PRICE OF 5/- PER VEST OR PANTS.

THIS underwear is perfect in every detail, unsoiled, and is the unissued surplus stock of the British Government, and the wool used in the manufacture is of the highest quality, soft and non-irritant to the skin, and there is nothing better in the world for those requiring the most reliable underwear for real hard wear.

ALTHOUGH there were nearly 2,000,000 garments for disposal these are being speedily cleared, and once sold this opportunity can never occur again—**SO POST YOUR ORDER NOW**—or call without delay. The Depot for the sale of this Underwear, 12b, Strand, London, W.C.2, is open every day until 8 p.m., and Saturdays all day until 9 p.m. Large Staff of capable assistants. No waiting.

REMEMBER, these garments are genuine British Government goods and can only be obtained of Bolsom Bros., at 12b, Strand—AND NOWHERE ELSE. BOLSOM BROS. GUARANTEE that each garment is new, unsoiled, and unissued British Government Surplus Stock, and guaranteed perfect in every way. So buy as many as YOU CAN WHILE YOU HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY for present and future use, and post your order now, enclosing remittance and postage as follows: 1 or 2 garments, 1/-; 4 ditto, 1/3; 6 ditto, 1/6; 8 ditto, 2/-; Larger quantities carriage free. SEND REMITTANCE BY POSTAL ORDER, MONEY ORDER OR CHEQUE BY ORDINARY POST CROSSED THUS /&/CO., BUT TREASURY NOTES MUST ALWAYS BE SENT BY REGISTERED POST.

BOLSOM BROS., Government Surplus Depot (Dept. J.), 29 Strand London W.C.2

ONE MILLION BRITISH GOVERNMENT REAL FLANNEL SHIRTS.

Bolsom Bros. have also acquired the last million Army real Flannel Shirts which are of the same guaranteed quality as the underwear. Well cut and finished and strongly made, they cost 11/6 to produce. We are offering them at the amazing price of only 5/6 each, half the cost of manufacture. Supplied in all sizes in real Natural Flannel. Post Orders should be sent at once, enclosing extra for postage as shown. These shirts are unprecedented value.

5/6

State size of collar usually worn.

GREATEST OFFER EVER MADE BY BOLSOM BROS.

For 14 days only BOLSOM BROS. are holding their first great Stock-taking clearance of Ladies' Shoes.

35/- BRANDED SHOES AT 12/6

SIX of London's Latest and Smartest Shoes are illustrated below from actual photographs, of a quality and style that cannot be obtained elsewhere under 35/- per pair and guaranteed to be made of Real Glace Kid and Real Patent Leather, Beautifully finished, made on the most up-to-date, perfect fitting lasts they are the most reliable and attractive shoes ever produced

OUR lowest price for these has always been 20/- per pair, but to effect a quick clearance for Stock-taking purposes and to give readers an opportunity of testing these wonderful shoes at one-third their real value, we are, by clearing these at the astounding price of only **7/6** 12/6 per pair, making a FREE GIFT to every customer of

This means an actual loss of many thousands of pounds, but we shall be adding to our tremendous mail order list of a million satisfied customers.

To prove our statements we guarantee that if you are not more than delighted with your bargain we will refund your money and **ONE SHILLING** *extra for your trouble upon return of goods as received. Sale commences Monday Morning, March 27th, no more than three pairs sold to each customer.* So call now, or if it does not matter where you live, you can obtain the same bargains and the same careful attention as if you had called, by posting your order without delay.

Don't miss this opportunity of securing London's Smartest Shoes for EASTER at One-Third their Actual Value.

B.B. No. 64. SALOME SHOE with fashionable ankle bar and cross strap fastened with Buckle, in real Patent Leather or Real Glace Kid, with High Cuban Heels. Worth 35/- OUR PRICE **12/6** 14 DAYS ONLY

B.B. No. 63. Stylish ANKLE and BAR-SHOE. In Real Patent Leather or Real Glace Kid, with high Cuban Heels. A particularly smart model. Worth 35/- OUR PRICE **12/6** 14 DAYS ONLY.

No. 70. NEW FIELD MOUNTED SERVICE BOOT. SPECIFICATION: Real Kip Grained Uppers screwed and stitched to heel. Full water tight tongue, 2 single solid butt soles, solid all leather heels. Sizes: 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 (11's 1/- extra.)

Our Price **20/-** Per pair.

Postage 2/- extra Without question the biggest boot bargain ever offered. Worth 60/-

B.B. No. 60. Latest Baby Toe SANDAL SHOE in Real Patent Leather or Real Glace Kid, High Cuban Heels also with smart Pointed Toe and Louis Heels in Real Patent or

Usual price 35/- Our Price **12/6** 14 Days Only. Glace Kid.

B.B. No. 55. Smart Model OXFORD SHOE. in Real Glace Kid. Medium or High Cuban Heels. A very neat and stylish model; also in Gibson Pattern Cannot be purchased elsewhere under 35/-

OUR PRICE **12/6** 14 Days only.

B.B. No. 61. Smart Fancy Bar Tie SHOE. As illustrated, in Real Patent Leather or in Real Glace Kid. A stylish model for present wear. Worth 35/- OUR PRICE **12/6** 14 DAYS ONLY

Stocked in slips and half sizes. 2's to 8's all fittings.

B.B. No. 57. London's Latest Fashion. Ladies' GUSSET SHOE in Real Patent Leather (as illustrated) London's price 35/- OUR PRICE. **12/6** 14 DAYS ONLY.

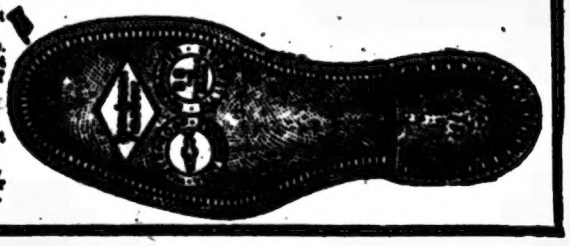
SOUTH AFRICAN DOUBLE SOLE WATERPROOF FIELD BOOT.

B.B. No. 59. In Black or Tan. SPECIFICATION: Real Black Box Calf or Superior Tan Calf Uppers, Leather lined throughout, two single solid butt soles, full waterproof tongue. No better boot made for smart appearance, comfort and endurance. The ideal winter boot for Golfing, Fishing, Shooting, Country Walking and all sports. Worth 60/- Our price (postage 1/3 extra)

20/-

Sizes: 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 (11's & 12's 1/- extra.)

NOTE THESE FOUR POINTS.
1. Damp-proof filling between upper and first sole.
2. Stout first all-leather sole.
3. Patent waterproof layer between the two soles.
4. Stout solid heel outer sole, fully water and damp-proof.



POST your order NOW to the largest Boots-by-post Business in the world with 12/6 and 1/- extra for postage for each pair, stating number and size required and your order will be sent without delay. Register Treasury Notes and make Postal Orders payable to BOLSOM BROS. In the rare event of the Shoes not fitting perfectly, we will exchange them; or if you do not approve of them we will refund your money upon return of goods as received. Open every day until 8 p.m. Saturdays until 9 p.m.

BOLSOM BROS., (DEPT. J.) 109 and 157, Strand, W.C.2.

"BULLETS"

2nd Prize £20

10 Prizes of £5

10 Prizes of £2 10/-

25 Prizes of 10/-

£250 FIRST PRIZE

2,000 POPULAR NOVELS

3rd Prize £10

100 Prizes of 5/-

500 Prizes of 2/6

2000 TARGET PRIZES

NEXT WEEK "BULLETS" FIRST PRIZE WILL BE INCREASED TO £500.

"BULLETS" MADE EASIER—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

All you have to do is to choose any one of the Thirty-two examples given below. Then give any Two, Three or Four words having some bearing on the example chosen. The Two, Three or Four words you give can EASILY begin with any letter in the alphabet. This example will guide you: EXAMPLE:—A BARGAIN. Bullet: WIFE THINKS UNTIL LATER. The entry fee for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 443.

FLOWER OF ENGLAND	GOOD THING IF	FIRST WEEK	BIG HANDFUL
SPRING HANDICAPS	LAST STAGE	TOO FREE	THE OLD SCHOOL
BACKING THE FAVOURITE	A PRETTY PENNY	INSURED	DOING GOOD
VOTE-CATCHING	SURE THING	NEW TOY	IN THE KITCHEN
PRESENTED AT COURT	CUT AND RUN	HONESTY	GIVING HIS COOKS
DEAR AND CHEAP	LADY'S COMPANION	SITTING ON	MONDAY MORNING
WHAT WOMEN WEAR	WHIP ROUND	LICENCE	TURNING HIS COAT
ON THE WAY	ANGLING	SPOILT KID	GAY DECEIVER

Closing Date, Thursday, April 6th.

No. _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(443) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed _____

Address _____

☞ If unable to secure extra coupons you can write your "Bullets" on plain paper.

Closing Date, Thursday, April 6th.

No. _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(443) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Signed _____

Address _____

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets" No. 443. "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Closing Date, Thursday, April 6th.

No. _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(443) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed _____

Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, April 6th.

No. _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(443) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed _____

Address _____

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 444.

BRIGHTER LONDON—THE DIE-HARDS—PERFORMING ANIMALS—GRIN AND BEAR IT—RED RAG—LOST AND FOUND—FIRST HOME—TAKING GLOVES OFF—A DRAMA—ON THE JURY—FAST—PAYS BEST—GARDENING—SPANKING TIME—HAPPY LAND—WRONG PARTY—TAKING THE TIP—TOO TAME—A CONSOLATION—FINISHING SCHOOL.

These Examples can be made use of on the Coupons above, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, APRIL 20th.** All Coupons so used **MUST** be marked clearly with the number **444** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. **444**, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Thirty-two Examples for Competition No. **443.**

List of Ten-Shilling Prizewinners in "Bullets" Competition No. 441 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete List of all Cash and other Prizewinners can be seen at the Offices of "JOHN BULL."

Result of 441st 'Bullets' Competition

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. EDWARD COWARD,
16, Clarence Road, Walmer, Kent.

Example:—GOOD SERVANT.
Bullet:—GENEROUS "OUTINGS" PROLONG "INNINGS."

SECOND PRIZE OF £20:

Mr. W. A. JONES,
16, Brookfield Avenue, Bishopston, Bristol.

Example:—WHEN CURTAIN FALLS,
Bullet:—PERFORMING ANIMALS TAILS, ALSO.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. H. WILLIAMS,
Park Lane, Thatcham, Berks.

Example:—FIRST ATTEMPT.
Bullet:—AT KISSING—"A SCREAM."

10 Prizes of £5 each:

D. G. CAMPBELL, Greenlea, Armbank Station, By Ayr: WHAT WINSTON WANTS—"ADOPTION" BY "RESPECTABLE PARTY."
S. C. BADGE, 2, Trafalgar Street, Plymouth: IN THE PAST—DON'T LINGER IF AMBITIOUS.
Mrs. A. M. CHARLEY, 21, Dover Street, Derby: OTHERWISE ENGAGED—TOURIST TILL LONDON BRIGHTER.
L. FREEMAN, 24, Clifton Road, Sparkbrook, B'ham: TALKING BIG—ENDS, SINGING "RED FLAG."
G. V. PEPLOW, 40, Markington Street, Moss Side, M/c: SHUFFLE AND CUT—OR SUFFER AND PAY.
W. O. REILLY, 14, Brocklebank Road, S.W.18: POOR HUSBAND—LIKE WAGE, GOES NOWHERE.
G. J. DRIVER, 125, Christchurch Rd., Boscombe, Hants: IN THE PAST—"GAS" WASN'T SO POISONOUS.
T. TURNBULL, School of Shorthand, North Lodge Terrace, Darlington: IN THE NURSERY—STAGE—NEVER IGNORE DISCONTENT.
A. G. JONES, c.o. Hughes, Spring Gardens, Bourne End, Bucks: HOME AND ABROAD—UNDESIRABLES STAY—INDISPENSABLES GO.
Mrs. L. HEATON, 282, Liverpool Road, Haydock, St. Helens, Lancs: A LOVELY TIME—SWORDS FOR WEDDING-CAKES ONLY.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

ANGUS KERR, 380, Main Street, Barrhead, N.B.: SPOTTING THE LADY—OTHER LADIES OVER TEACUPS.
E. S. TAYLOR, Samares, Jersey, C.I.: STRONG HAND—PREACHES MODERATION—BARS PROHIBITION.
E. ACKROYD, 53a, Frome Road, Bradford-on-Avon, Wilts: HIDDEN TREASURE—NIGHT CLUB, TO PROMOTERS.
H. H. BENSON, 11, Fir Road, Waterloo, Liverpool: STRONG HAND—ONLY IF GOVERNMENT "CLOSE-FISTED."
Mrs. A. MASEY, 1, Orchard Hill, Carshalton, Surrey: GOOD LAUGH—OFTEN FOLLOWS "PROPER FRIGHT."
S. R. HATHAWAY, 87, Spa Road, Bermondsey, S.E.16: GLORIOUS ADVENTURE—FOR SOMEBODY—IRELAND'S CHANCELLOR.
R. BURTON, 17, Barnsbury Street, Islington, N1.: IN THE STREET—FREE INSURANCE INCREASES CARELESSNESS.
W. J. TAYNTON, 91, Seaford Road, W13.: SMALL SCREW—PRISON "BOLTS" OFTEN PREFERRED.
Miss E. McWALTER, Johnstown Post Office, Straffan, Co. Kildare: SHUFFLE AND CUT—HALFPENNIES—CALLED LOWERING PRICES.
Miss E. COLLARD, 1, Oakhurst, Guestling, nr. Hastings: SPOTTING THE LADY—CONSTABLE—THEN GEDDES CUTS.

BULLETS RULES 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

☞ **SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2, and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 443 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."**

THE JOHN BULL

GREAT FREE FIRE INSURANCE

COVERING ALL RISKS BY FIRE TO HOME, LIFE AND LIMB.

UNDER this most unique FREE INSURANCE OFFER anyone above the age of 10 can be insured irrespective of sex.

The premium charged by any Fire and Accident Insurance Company to secure similar benefits would certainly exceed 5s. per annum. We offer it to you absolutely free.

A separate coupon must be filled up in respect to each person to be insured.

This offer applies only to persons residing in, and property situated in, England, Scotland and Wales.

The full conditions governing this scheme will be published from time to time.

WHAT WE WILL PAY:

For Damage to Contents of Home by Fire up to.....	£200
In case of Death directly due to Fire at Registered Reader's home	£200
For the Loss of Two Limbs or Both Eyes or One Limb and One Eye.....	£200
For the Loss of One Limb or One Eye ...	£100
Medical Fees for Injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her employment up to..	£10
In the event of a Temporary Total Disablement up to 13 weeks	£1 per week

ALREADY PAID

683 CLAIMS.

FULL CONDITIONS.

This offer applies only to persons over 10 years and residing in, and property situated in England, Scotland, and Wales.

Any number of persons in one family may be separately insured provided an order for JOHN BULL is placed and a registration form is forwarded in respect of each person.

Claims, which must be confined to one of the benefits, must be received by us within three days of the loss or damage, and in the case of death, such death must occur within thirty days, and as a direct and sole result of the injury.

Payment will be made subject to any rights which the claimant may have or acquire against, or under, any other insurance Scheme, Company, or otherwise, and the Proprietors of JOHN BULL shall not be liable until the registered reader has exhausted his or her right under such insurance.

This offer applies only to the dwelling-houses, apartments, or dwelling-rooms attached to business premises of the registered reader, but not to business premises or stock-in-trade.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments under this scheme to £10,000, and to discontinue, or make any variation of this offer by the publication of notice in JOHN BULL. The decision of the proprietors of JOHN BULL upon all questions shall be final.

In order to safeguard ourselves it is stipulated that a fire will not be recognised as such unless a call has been made upon the local Fire Brigade or appliance.

Owing to lack of space, the Newsagents' Order Form and Readers' Registration Form is held over, but will again appear in next week's issue.

☞ **The original cheque for £1,000 awarded to the first prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 440, can now be seen in the window of Mr. E. A. FARLEY, Newsagent, 4, Carlton Parade, Green Lane, Seven Kings.**

ONE WEEK! EXCLUSIVE FOOTBALL PRIZE ONE WEEK!

£300 MUST BE WON

FOR ONLY TEN RESULTS OR NEXT BEST COUPON

THE sum of £300 will be paid to the sender of a coupon containing the correct results of the 10 matches given. If 10 correct results are not given, the £300 will be awarded to the sender of the most correct results, so that in any event the £300 **MUST BE WON.**

BIG ONE-WEEK FOOTBALL PRIZE.

We advise competitors to make a careful study of football form before filling in their coupons. Scottish and Irish readers can compete. This competition is

EXCLUSIVE TO "JOHN BULL" and the "SPORTS PICTORIAL."

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

(1) All attempts must be made on coupons taken from this week's issues of "JOHN BULL" and "SPORTS PICTORIAL." Coupons must be completely filled in with ink in ordinary handwriting (typewriting or pencil will not be allowed) and in accordance with the instructions given on this page.

(2) The sum of £300 (three hundred pounds) will be paid to the competitor sending in a coupon containing the correct results of all the matches played to a finish. If no competitor succeeds in giving all the correct results, the sum of £300 will be paid to the competitor sending a coupon with the most correct results. In the event of a tie or ties, the prize to be won will be equally divided amongst the most successful competitors. No competitor can receive more than one share of the £300. Should any match not be played to a finish on the date given or as set out on the coupon, it will be disregarded.

(3) Ten crosses in all must be marked on each coupon, one for each match. Coupons marked otherwise will be disqualified.

(4) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss, delay, or non-delivery of any coupon. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt. No correspondence will be entered into, nor will interviews be granted.

(5) An altered or mutilated coupon will be disqualified. Any coupon received later than Thursday, April 6th, will be disqualified. Employees of the paper conducting this Competition are not eligible to compete.

(6) The Editor's decision must be accepted as final and legally binding in all matters concerning this Competition, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

How to Fill up Your Coupons.

If you think the "Home" team will win, place a X in the column headed "Home"; if you think the "Away" team will win, place a X in the column headed "Away"; if you think the result will be a draw, place a X in the column headed "Draw." Only one X must be entered for each match. Coupons must be completely filled up in ink.

☞ **PLEASE NOTE NEW ADDRESS.** Cut out Coupon neatly and address all entries as follows: Football Competition No. 25, "JOHN BULL," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Write "Football" in top left-hand corner of envelope. All coupons can be enclosed in one envelope, but this must not contain entries for other Competitions.

COMPETITORS MAY SEND AS MANY COUPONS AS THEY LIKE.

Result of Football Competition No. 22 will be found on page 16.

"John Bull" Free Football Coupon.

Closing Date, Thursday, April 6th.

MATCHES TO BE PLAYED SATURDAY, APRIL 8th.

HOME TEAM		AWAY TEAM	HOME	AWAY	DRAW
Oldham A.	v.	Liverpool			
Everton	v.	Chelsea			
Clapton Orient	v.	Notts Forest			
Sheffield W.	v.	West Ham U.			
Leeds United	v.	Barnsley			
Blackpool	v.	South Shields			
Northampton	v.	Plymouth A.			
Watford	v.	Luton Town			
Reading	v.	Swansea T.			
Barrow	v.	Stalybridge C.			

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions on this page, and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

(25) SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

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